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MR. LOCKE KING'S BILL.

THE rejection of Mr. LOCKE KING's Bill was more creditable to the House of Commons, and especially to the Conservatives, than to the Government or its professed supporters. The best speech against the Bill was delivered by Lord PALMERSTON, who immediately afterwards proceeded to vote for the second reading. At least five-sixths of the members present agreed in the Minister's opinion that the measure was bad in itself, and that there was no occasion to moot the question of Reform in any shape at present. Lord PALMERSTON further announced that, if the Bill reached the stage of a Committee, he would not vote for the 10*l.* franchise which forms the only essential portion of the project. He wished the House fully to understand that, in supporting a measure which he disapproved, he was not even anxious to be thought sincere, but only to conform to the traditions of conventional hypocrisy. Like an Eastern courtier who prostrates himself before the vacant throne of an absent Sovereign, Lord PALMERSTON pays homage to the shadow of obsolete or dormant cant. It is absurd to affect a dishonest acquiescence in an unpopular proposal because politicians of all parties erroneously believed, five or six years ago, that it was their interest to pretend enthusiastic devotion to Reform. There is no reason for attaching peculiar importance to the 50*l.* limit of the occupation franchise in counties. A rental of half the amount would admit a respectable class of voters; and if those who are immediately concerned regarded their exclusion as a grievance, their complaints would deserve serious attention. The utter hollowness of Mr. LOCKE KING's faint agitation is proved by the notorious indifference of the smaller farmers and occupiers to the privileges of which they are deprived. In the greater part of England, the reduction of the standard from 50*l.* to 25*l.* would merely increase the power of the landowners. The residents in small villas and ornamental cottages are seldom ardent politicians, and many of them already vote, in right of their business premises, in neighbouring boroughs. No party in the State really cares to increase the number of respectable and moderate voters. Zealous promoters of Reform hope to deteriorate the constituencies, and the rest of the community thinks it safer to leave things as they are. There is much to be said for fancy franchises, for the artificial representation of minorities, and for graduated systems of voting; but an ingenious mechanism without motive power is but an unprofitable toy. If a proposed measure of Parliamentary Reform tends to increase democratic influence, it will always command support from a party which may hereafter be formidable, but a mere redistribution of electoral rights among the middle classes fails to interest the natural advocates of change. The county franchise will never be altered for the purpose of allowing curates, medical practitioners, and retired tradesmen to vote. The conversion of East Surrey into a scattered Finsbury would furnish a more adequate object for exertion.

Attachment to a hobby is generally strengthened by time and indulgence, and consequently Mr. LOCKE KING, after fifteen or twenty years of familiarity with his favourite scheme, is probably more in earnest than his supporters. It has once been his fortune to upset a Ministry, and he has seen the substance of his Bill embodied in two or three official schemes of Reform. He can scarcely have expected to succeed in effecting a change in the law, but he may perhaps have hoped to snatch a majority; and, at the worst, he has compelled the Government to share his defeat. His arguments were good enough for the occasion, but they would have seemed intolerably weak if they had been intended to establish any practical proposition. There was an unconscious irony in the boast that there had seldom been a measure in which equal unanimity had prevailed among the leaders of the House. When Parliament systematically refuses to adopt the professed opinions of its leading members, it may be taken for granted that

there are conclusive reasons for rejecting advice which is probably known to be insincere. "It is," said Mr. LOCKE KING, "a happy omen to all supporters of the measure that its justice has been acknowledged by those who, to their honour and to the benefit of the country, had led parties in the House for something like a quarter of a century." Happy omens are encouraging at the commencement of an enterprise, but happy omens after an unhappy event are as valueless as old editions of Dr. CUMMING's unfulfilled prophecies. In a quarter of a century it would surely have been possible to lower the county franchise if all parties had agreed in the expediency of the change. The silent inaction of the House of Commons is more eloquent than the idle promises of the hustings. Cautious legislators avoid unnecessary offence by abstaining from the utterance of any objection to claimants of the franchise. There are clubs in which veteran members avoid the necessity of black-balling by quietly discountenancing the proposal of objectionable candidates. In the same spirit, Parliament has listened to Mr. LOCKE KING and his clients; and, not without polite affectation of sympathy, it has declined to admit 10*l.* voters into the county constituencies. It is useless to remind unwilling hearers that they have held out hopes which they have systematically disappointed. The same reasons will not fail to dictate a repetition of similar conduct, especially when the belief in the popularity of Reform has been temporarily exploded. A few years ago, isolated innovations were postponed because a comprehensive measure was expected. The ignominious failure of two rival Reform Bills has provided a more forcible argument against the reproduction in fragments of an obnoxious whole.

The fatal objection to the identification of the borough and county qualifications consists in the obvious tendency of the change to abolish all representation of separate interests by the ultimate establishment of electoral districts. As several speakers observed in the debate, the boroughs would be unable to hold their ground if they were surrounded by precisely similar constituencies in the counties. The unenfranchised surgeons and curates are perfectly aware that their opinions and interests are more effectually represented by the members for counties and for small boroughs than by those who would be returned if they shared a nominal vote with 30,000 electors. Mr. LOCKE KING talks of Marylebone with its 6,000,000*l.* of rateable property, as if its wealth and intelligence were represented in the House of Commons; yet he must be fully aware that the owners of five-sixths of the amount have no more to do with the return of Lord FERMOY and Mr. HARVEY LEWIS than with the choice of a deputy for one of the arrondissements of Paris. The purpose of the Ten-pound franchise is to take the political control of the more populous counties out of the hands of the landowners and farmers, and to transfer it to the shopkeepers in the towns. When the erection of Kensington and Chelsea into a borough was proposed two or three years ago, the House of Commons declared, with unusual emphasis, its firm determination to have no more metropolitan members. The soundness of its judgment has been incidentally illustrated by the subsequent misfortunes of one member for Marylebone, who is now in New York, and of one member for Lambeth, who is now in Millbank or Pentonville. Their surviving colleagues are personally respectable, and several of them are useful members, but an irresponsible mob has sufficiently shown its incapacity of exercising an intelligent choice. The educated inhabitants of London beyond the limits of the City submit to be disfranchised, but they are not prepared to extend their own disqualification to their equals in all the neighbouring counties. Hertfordshire cherishes erroneous theories on malt, but a constituency has a right to its own mistakes, and it is not desirable that the wealth and industry of a county should be overborne by the inhabitants of the towns who have comparatively little

e connexion with its interests. Only a few years ago, a few active politicians publicly agreed to divide the representation of South Lancashire between Manchester and Liverpool. With a ten-pound county franchise, they might have permanently disregarded the unanimous hostility of every landowner and of every farmer in the division.

The exclusion of the town population, with the exception of the inhabitants of boroughs, from electoral power, is an acknowledged anomaly, but it would be better to enfranchise Croydon and Kingston than to swamp East Surrey. The proper mode of correcting the irregularity was adopted in Lord JOHN RUSSELL's abortive Bill of 1852, by grouping the small towns into new constituencies. Experience, however, has shown the difficulty of creating vacancies by the disfranchisement of existing boroughs, and the experiment is altogether impracticable when no general reconstruction of the electoral system is meditated. Many similar schemes are from time to time suggested by political theorists, nor can it be disputed that the crude generalisations of thirty years ago have been to some extent displaced by more thoughtful and serious inquiries into the nature and objects of representative government. It is possible that at some future time the arguments of intelligent projectors may command popular appreciation and support; but the advocates of change at present wish, not for the scientific organization, but for the promiscuous extension of the suffrage. The Trade Societies which refuse the cooperation of the middle classes in their reception of GARIBALDI, the meetings of operatives which applaud Mr. BEECHER's impertinent proposals of revolution in England, would value no reform but that which should transfer the greatest possible share of power to a numerical majority. The example of France and of America has partially discredited the advocates of democratic supremacy; and it is generally believed, with good reason, that every depression in the level of the constituencies would render Parliament less liberal, less just, and less independent. Those who are directly or indirectly possessed of any portion of political power are, to the extent of their influence, trustees and guardians of freedom. It is their duty to watch with habitual care the commencements of revolution, and to understand that changes in the Constitution may injure or improve it, but are not likely to leave it unaffected. After a general election, it may be hoped that all parties will consider themselves released from the broken pledges of 1857 and 1859. The Opposition, at least, is fully satisfied of the blunder which it committed in proposing a competing measure of Parliamentary Reform. The vote of Wednesday was a censure on Mr. DISRAELI's Bill, as well as a rebuff administered to an unseasonably obstinate Reformer.

GARIBALDIANA.

ALL London has gone mad during the present week. We have had a sort of dull Carnival, and GARIBALDI has been led about the streets for a *Bœuf Gras*. For quiet folks the infliction has been terrible in the way of dust, noise, and a single subject of conversation. To the observant mind, that great abstraction which it is so convenient to idealize—the spectacle of a whole population, as it were, possessed and entirely absorbed—is suggestive. What it suggests is not so easy to say; but, at any rate, it lets us into some little knowledge of the way in which violent popular action originates—or rather, of the way in which popular feeling grows into popular action in any other country than England. In France, for example, it would be utterly inconsistent with public safety for such a demonstration, as it is called, to be allowed to take place as that of which London was the scene on Monday. Anywhere but in England such an outburst would mean something, and, having a meaning, it would come to something—something perhaps very terrible, but anyhow grave and serious. Among ourselves, and perhaps the fact is not over creditable to us—it all means little or nothing. We like to hear PETER the HERMIT, but instead of taking the cross instantly and marching off to the Holy Sepulchre, we resume our accustomed place in the omnibus and take down the shop shutters. No doubt there are a few prophets among us, but they preach to a stony-hearted generation. We go out into the hot sun to see a man clothed in a red shirt, and we profess great admiration for "his public virtues and more than Spartan and Roman magnanimity." But it is a sad thing to reflect that most of us care very little about these lofty themes. We leave them to the perfervid gentlemen who, "in the name of Britain's sons and daughters of toil, bid 'GARIBALDI welcome to this metropolis.'"

Vanity of vanities!—are we miserable humbugs after all?

We get our nonsense written and spoken by the Committee of the Working Men's Association, and we talk the tallest of talk about "human progress," "fighting and bleeding for the oppressed peoples," "our dear brother fruitful in good works for all the down-trodden nationalities"; but all the time, in our sleeve and heart of hearts, we are chuckling over this froth and turgid sentiment. It is the same estimate which we take of a popular sermon. Nobody ever thinks of doing what the Rev. Mr. STIGGINS preaches. STIGGINS would be the last of men to allow that his glowing periods were to be taken seriously. But we prefer our nonsense, like our port or porter, when it is full-bodied, luscious, and strong. What the cheap press calls an ovation—a term which would suit a victim in the pillory and a complimentary address in the shape of unsound eggs—was performed on the grandest scale on Monday. All classes gave themselves up to the conscious hypocrisy. "The love which Britain's sons and daughters of toil bear to that beautiful land of Italy"—about which the only thing they know is its exportation of unsavoury organ-grinders—is at least paralleled by the solemn farce of the lion and the lamb eating straw together, and Lords DERBY and PALMERSTON accepting the Duke of SUTHERLAND's judicious invitation to a sumptuous banquet in honour of "the soldier whose sword is never drawn but in a just cause," and who was on the point of taking service under Mr. ABRAHAM LINCOLN. However, occasionally the farce has been somewhat too thinly veiled, as when Mr. GEORGE MOORE appeared as the representative of the commercial, and Mr. NICHOLAY of the political, world. The person most to be pitied is poor GARIBALDI himself. To have your arm dislocated by about ten thousand hand-shakings, and to sit five hours and a half in a triumphal chariot in the midst of the New Cut and the slums of Lambeth, must have compelled the conviction that to be the hero of Neapolitan Lazzaroni is not the most terrible event in life. In the way of a public reception, since the days of Brandenburgh House, nothing has equalled the procession from Nine Elms to the Park. Queen CAROLINE, we believe, lived in the days before Odd Fellows "in their gala costume," Rechabites with "their regalia," and Foresters all hatted and plumed in their sylvan array, began to make themselves ridiculous. All that the working men could do they did on Monday; and it was very little, except in the way of noise, strong odours, and complete disorder. However, they had it all their own way; and we trust that GARIBALDI understands that it is a way of their own.

That there was nothing in the shape of tumult will be generally attributed to the innate English reverence for law on the one hand, and on the other to the generous and real enthusiasm which we are told animated the countless throngs who conducted GARIBALDI through the streets. We are cynical enough to doubt the great influence of either motive. An opportunity always collects a crowd, but when a crowd does not feel very deeply it makes a noise and only a noise. No doubt there is hardly a man in England who does not feel some measure of respect for GARIBALDI's honesty, and great admiration for his disinterested conduct, as well as sympathy for his wonderful career. But these qualities hardly stir the popular mind deeply. Public opinion would long since have compelled any Government to go to war for Italy, or Poland, or Hungary, or Denmark, if mere feeling had once got out of the high sentimental latitudes. And we are convinced that, as the thing was to be done, it was much better to let the public have its own way with the hero of the hour. Any attempt to thwart an unmeaning sentiment is sure to turn it into something more serious. An English crowd is always to be trusted to take care of itself when it is only noisy and gesticulating. If we meant more than we do, we should probably say less; anyhow we should not make Mr. RICHARDSON and Mr. ROBERT HARTWELL our mouthpieces. That this last person, who signed the Working Men's Address presented to GARIBALDI, is in the hands of the few who mean mischief, is tolerably plain from the ominous reference which it contains to "the illustrious MAZZINI." In the middle and upper classes, an educated estimate of GARIBALDI's merits places him in a really higher rank than he holds among Temperance Societies and Memphis Lodges, whose admiration for the Liberator of Italy did not probably exceed their desire to show their own banners. And it is quite right that all ranks and all parties should agree to divest the occasion of any special political significance. As the matter stands, all this enthusiastic reception only means what all Europe knew before—that our sympathies are with Italy against the French masters of Rome, and with Venice against Austria; but that English policy will advance a step or become a shade more serious on account of GARIBALDI's visit to Stafford House, not even M. ASSOLANT will pretend to

believe, or even to say. The penny newspapers are perhaps not altogether wrong when they assert that the bloated aristocrats only took up with the GARIBALDI *furor* because they felt it to be prudent to swim with a movement which it might have been difficult to check. But it may with equal truth be replied that the sincerity or insincerity of the great folks is neither more nor less than the sincerity or insincerity of the small ones; only it takes a different form in Belgravian drawing-rooms and at Nine Elms.

To do GARIBALDI only justice, we must say that hitherto he has risen in estimation by the way in which he takes all this glorification, which would have turned heads stronger than that for which the world has given "the Regenerator" credit. And his conduct in England reflects a higher light even upon his prudence than could have been expected from such experience as he had had of the English character. Without disparaging the qualities of Colonel PEARCE, or of those gentlemen who, like Mr. STANSFELD's father-in-law, Mr. ASHURST, may be considered the agents of Italian intrigue, there has been a tinge of fanaticism among those English people who have visited Caprera, or who have mixed much in Italian politics on Italian ground, which might well have been more than an apology for GARIBALDI had he estimated a nation by its exceptional samples. It is said that no foreigner ever understands an Englishman; and few foreigners have had so little opportunity of understanding, or so many inducements to misunderstand, us as GARIBALDI. The good sense and right feeling which have, since he landed at Southampton, characterized his courteous and earnest manner will, we feel sure, lead him to learn a lesson in political wisdom. His education only seems to lack this element. A wonderful spirit, supreme devotion to one (and that a noble) idea, an admirable run of fortune, and personal qualities which, if not the highest, are still high—among which personal qualities disinterestedness and chivalric loyalty to a high cause are supreme—have made GARIBALDI a hero. But what he sees in England, though it is by no means to be assumed as the only pattern to which Constitutional Governments can be moulded—still less as the one necessarily most fitted for such a people as that of Italy—may teach him that a rich, a powerful, and a united nation can only grow into riches, power, and union by attending to its own duties and cultivating its own resources. Moreover, it may possibly occur to him to consider that institutions are not the growth of a succession of violent political changes; and that, to be as England is, Italy must stagger amidst those long ebbs and flows which have passed over us even since we began to be what we are now. Political growth is likely to be more rapid than it has hitherto been throughout Europe, but Italy, at the present moment, is scarcely more consolidated than was England in the sixteenth century. Military enthusiasm, though it may often be the cradle of a nation, is not the prudent tutor and governor which an adolescent State requires; and it would be more profitable for the Kingdom of Italy that the Quadrilateral should be peacefully dismantled, and that Venice should be surrendered by treaty, than that GARIBALDI should be tempted to another Aspromonte. A reputation won by chivalrous daring is held by a precarious tenure. GARIBALDI, however, within the past week, has shown qualities for which neither his friends nor his enemies gave him credit. He has not been in a school where prudence and self-restraint are thought to be virtues at all, and amongst ourselves there are some that surround him who are glad enough that anybody's fingers should be burned rather than their own. GARIBALDI must also have seen that jealousy and suspicion of some of his Italian friends are feelings which are not confined to the upper classes of his English sympathizers. Already the organs of the working-men have hinted to the Italian Committee that they take too much upon themselves; and though all this may only proceed from a rivalry in fussiness, yet it seems to indicate a sounder estimate of the real significance of GARIBALDI's welcome than a good deal of the noise and vulgarity of which we have had more than enough.

THE MEXICAN EMPIRE.

ONE of the oddest transactions of the age is so far complete that the Archduke MAXIMILIAN has assumed the title of Emperor of the MEXICANS. The personal objections to so questionable and costly an elevation might have been thought sufficiently obvious, but they seem to have occurred to the Prince himself, at the last moment, with unseasonable force. The Emperor of AUSTRIA naturally objected to allow any right of succession to the Imperial Crown to be reserved by a foreign and distant potentate, and, on the other hand, the Archduke was unwilling to sacrifice a brilliant contingency for an acquisition

of more than doubtful value. It is said that the Emperor NAPOLEON, who had some reason to complain of the untimely scruples of his nominee, was obliged to announce that, if further hesitation occurred, he would substitute a candidate of his own family. The menace, though under the circumstances it was not unfair, furnishes a valuable commentary on universal suffrage as practised in Mexico. The inhabitants of that enlightened country are supposed to have declared, by a numerical majority, their desire for an Austrian Emperor; yet the august patron who had just put them through the manœuvre of the ballot-box threatens to substitute, at his own discretion, some unnamed BONAPARTE or MURAT for the Sovereign of their choice. Even a Dean and Chapter would be more respectfully or more consistently treated when they had once rendered due obedience to a *cogné d'élire*. Under French pressure, the ARCHDUKE finally terminated his negotiations with his brother, and he has formally announced to a Mexican deputation his acceptance of the Crown. His professions of regard for constitutional maxims are remarkable when they are contrasted with the theory of government which prevails in France. In the first instance, like the President of the French Republic after the suppression of the Assembly, the EMPEROR will exercise a constituent or organic and unlimited power. When, however, he has reconciled freedom with order, or performed some other figurative and conventional feat of the kind, he will withdraw himself into the sphere of limited monarchy. Dictators have often risen in the anarchical regions of Spanish America, but hereditary power has the inestimable advantage of at least theoretical permanence. If the reign of MAXIMILIAN I. were to be regulated by a Statute of Limitations, an Emperor, though his veins were filled with the bluest blood in Europe, would be little better than a President; but, by renouncing his right of succession in Austria, the new Sovereign has given a pledge to his subjects of identifying his fortunes with their welfare. If Cortes had left an inheritance behind him in Hispaniola, he would perhaps not have burnt his ships, and it is also possible that he might not have conquered Mexico. The Emperor MAXIMILIAN has only stipulated for the preservation of his rank as Archduke, and for a moderate income as a member of the Imperial House. When, having reconciled freedom with order, he becomes a Constitutional Emperor, the people of Mexico will have reason to wish for his late return to heaven or to Europe. It may be hoped that if he disappears at last, like ROMULUS or MARCO CAPAC, he will leave behind him heirs of his own blood to continue the work of civilization.

Thus far the Emperor NAPOLEON has prosecuted his singular policy with extraordinary firmness and success. In spite of the unfriendly anticipations of foreigners, and of the dissatisfaction of his own subjects, he has overthrown the Mexican Republic, and established, under the name of an Empire, a dependency of his own. His choice of an Austrian Prince as a vassal has added a certain lustre to his undertaking. A member of his own family would have been too visibly subordinate, and would have imported into the New World only a doubtful sample of the indispensable Imperial or Royal virus. If the dynastic tree is acclimatized in Mexico, the author of the experiment will have done something remarkable, which may ultimately prove to be something great. Twenty or thirty years ago, the conversion of a Republic into a Monarchy, especially on the American Continent, would have been thought as surprising as the recurrence of a river to its spring. It is perhaps worth while to ascertain by actual trial whether the process is really practicable. The relations which may incidentally be established between Mexico and France supply foreign Powers with no legitimate ground of objection. No international law is violated, no liberties are confiscated, and the Mexican bondholders find the value of their securities increased by the French conquest. The Latin race is perfectly welcome to consolidate itself at its pleasure by the exercise of French influence over the mongrel races which inhabit Mexico. The state of society in the country was such that no possible Government, native or foreign, can make it worse; and the greatest misfortune which could occur to the Mexicans themselves would be the prolongation of the feeble resistance which JUAREZ has offered to the invader. War, and especially civil war, has been the curse of the country; and, if violence were once suppressed, its vast natural wealth would soon suffice to introduce unknown prosperity. The Imperial institutions will, even after the reconciliation of freedom with order, probably be copied from the French pattern, and the liberty with which France is contented must be ample for Mexico. There are probably not honest men enough in the country to form a respectable Parliament, nor

would it be easy to find a competent constituency, though any rabble can elect an Emperor. If MAXIMILIAN I. contrives to hang robbers and to make the roads safe, he will overshadow the fame of his Republican predecessors in power.

His own ability and vigour have yet to be proved, although he acquired a certain amount of credit in his Viceroyalty at Milan. The difficulties which surround him are obvious, but not perhaps insurmountable by the aid of judgment and spirit. The first condition of success is the creation of a revenue by some convenient system of taxation. A certain number of French troops will remain for the present, at the cost of the Mexican Government; and the Emperor of AUSTRIA, as a parting boon, has allowed his brother to raise 6,000 men in his dominions. The foreign force will probably be of itself sufficient to repress immediate opposition, and, by the aid of French and German officers, a native army may gradually be raised and disciplined. The indigenous troops and the auxiliaries will equally require to be paid, and, although the necessary resources have for the moment been provided, it will not be safe to rely upon loans for the means of covering the ordinary expenditure. The English creditors have agreed to accept the terms which have been offered, and the arrangement seems to be tolerably equitable. The principal of the debt is acknowledged by the new Government, and the overdue arrears of dividend are to be capitalized at a low rate of interest. The forthcoming loan will consequently be negotiated on the London Stock Exchange, as well as at Paris, and it is expected that the whole amount will soon be subscribed. A moderate scale of taxation will be sufficient both to meet the interest of the debt and to defray the expenses of administration; but it is essential that the revenue should be paid, as well as legally imposed. A reasonable land-tax would not be more than an equivalent for the establishment of order and security. The mines will probably be, in some form, available for taxation, and if the wealth of the country increases, the Customs will become largely productive. If money can be obtained, and if it is not wasted or stolen, the forces which are necessary for the security of the country may easily be maintained. Mexicans are not extraordinarily endowed with military qualities, but hitherto the troops which have been employed in the service of contending factions have been compensated by license for irregular pay, and the efficiency of armies largely depends on financial regularity. The Emperor MAXIMILIAN will probably be prudent enough to abstain from interference in the American struggle, and he may deem himself fortunate in the leisure which he is allowed for the consolidation of his Government while his formidable neighbours are fully engaged at home. In three or four years, if the new Empire has become prosperous and respected, there will be no room for the application of the MONROE doctrine.

Money and soldiers are universally necessary to Governments, but Mexico has a peculiar difficulty of its own in the pretensions of the clergy. It was unfortunate that the Emperor of the FRENCH undertook to conquer Mexico when the Liberals were in power, and that he consequently employed the services of the malcontent clerical faction. General FOREY apparently entertained a personal sympathy for the retrograde party, but his successor has, on more than one occasion, repressed the encroachments of the priesthood. The Emperor MAXIMILIAN will not be compelled to declare himself in favour of any party, and if he throws himself into the arms of the clergy his enterprise will undoubtedly end in ignominious failure. It is fortunate for his subjects that he has thus far failed to arrive at an agreement with the Court of Rome. The Pope, as usual, refuses all concession, and is therefore not in a condition to impose terms on the Mexican Government. The financial necessities of the Empire will furnish a strong argument against the resumption of Church lands, and it is hardly possible that a prince who has received his political education in modern Europe can countenance the intolerance of the Mexican priesthood. One of the principal wants of the country consists in foreign immigration, and the most available settlers are German Protestants, who would be excluded by the predominance of the Church in secular affairs. Although the House of HAPSBURG has generally boasted of its orthodoxy, several of its members have distinguished themselves by resistance to the claims of Rome. JOSEPH II. was a collateral ancestor of the Emperor MAXIMILIAN, and even the Emperor FRANCIS JOSEPH is now endeavouring to recall the Concordat which he signed in his rash and bigoted youth. It must be supposed that French influence will be felt in the internal administration of an Empire which has been created by NAPOLEON III., and the dissatisfaction which has existed in France at the expense of the original enterprise would be

renewed if Ultramontane principles of government were to be adopted in Mexico. The position of the new Sovereign is not altogether enviable, and he appears himself to feel little confidence in the task which he has undertaken. If, however, he attains a moderate amount of success, he will command the gratitude of Mexico and the esteem of Europe.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR'S BILL.

THE measure which has been introduced by the LORD CHANCELLOR into the House of Lords, for annexing a Canonry to the Professorship of Greek at Oxford, adds another to the catalogue of the attempts that have been made to take every shred of a reasonable argument out of the mouths of the persecuting party. One of the pleas put forward in opposition to the proposed endowment of Professor JOWETT's Chair was, that patronage and endowment should go together, and that it was unwise for the University to engage itself to pay, for all time, any man whom the Minister of the day might think fit to appoint. There was a shadow of reason in this plea. No one believes that it expressed the actuating thoughts of a single voter. It was a show argument, not intended to convince any one, but merely to cloak the operation of other arguments more cogent but less presentable. But still it served to set up some kind of shelter for the majority of Convocation against the storm of obloquy and ridicule which their taste for petty persecution brought upon them. Any such screen will be removed from them by the LORD CHANCELLOR's Bill the next time they are challenged to give a vote upon the subject. It proposes to endow the Greek Chair from resources in the gift of the Crown, as soon as those resources become available. There can be little doubt that Parliament will give its assent to a proposal so obviously reasonable. There is always a little difficulty in finding a reason for the existence of canonries. The possession of some prizes is a necessity to a calling that offers itself to educated men, not only as a sphere of usefulness, but also as a means of livelihood; and the Church of England is not over-burdened with endowments of this kind. But the objection to capital preferments is that they are not ostensibly connected either with duties of evident utility or with the reward of any kind of merit. There is no direct security that they will be given away with any reference to either consideration, and the indirect security furnished by public opinion is uncertain in its action upon the exercise of a kind of patronage that is not definitely appropriated to any particular sort of excellence. A specified use for such preferments is a great desideratum in the present day. It will act as a guarantee that the Minister will not distribute them entirely among the insatiable class of clerical sons-in-law or nephews-in-law who are too apt to monopolize the minor ecclesiastical patronage of the Crown; and this guarantee will react as a security to the canonries themselves against the assaults of root-and-branch Reformers. It will be as impossible for a Minister to appoint a mere "CHEESE" to a Greek Chair as to put a briefless barrister upon the Bench, and it will be equally impossible for the most ardent member of the Liberation Society to maintain that the occupant of such a Canonry is a drone fattening on a sinecure. Parliament will probably be of opinion that every such rescue of a bit of Church patronage from the gulf of nepotism is to be set down as pure gain.

But the question which the Bill naturally suggests is whether the University will accept and act upon the compromise that is thus offered. There is still something left for the University to do in acknowledgment of great services to the cause of learning which have hitherto been unrequited. The canonry cannot be annexed beneficially to the Chair until the present occupant vacates it—or, rather, until a vacancy occurs in some one of the twelve canonries which the LORD CHANCELLOR holds in his gift. Until that time shall arrive, the remuneration of the present Professor will be left to the good sense and good feeling of the University. The claim is a very clear one. Former Professors have, it is true, been satisfied with a nominal remuneration, but then they have made the office merely nominal. The last Professor, for instance, was a distinguished Greek scholar, but he altogether declined the unattractive task of grinding Greek particles into undergraduate brains. He performed his duties sufficiently, in his own view, by giving himself up to the studies to which he was most attached, and occasionally publishing an edition of some classical work. The value of such labour is not to be underrated, and it certainly was adequate consideration for a payment of 40*l.* a year. But it was not part of the duties of a teacher. Professor JOWETT has restored the office to its true position. He has undertaken, with unflinching assiduity and great success, its

uninviting toil; and for such toil, alone among his brethren, he is unpaid. The mind must be strangely distorted by theological passion which can decline an obligation so simple as that of honestly remunerating labour upon the ground that the person to whom it is due is called a heretic. Of course, those who are inclined to accept without reserve the morality that used to be imputed to the Jesuits may still maintain that it is not right to keep faith with heretics; and undoubtedly it would be a necessary corollary of that proposition that it is not right to do justice to heretics. But a man must go that length before he can find a theory that will justify him in refusing to Professor JOWETT a remuneration similar to that which is given, for the same amount of labour, to other persons holding a similar office.

But there is another side to the question—or at least the question has been put in another light by those who formed the majority in Convocation. It is treated as a question of religious policy—as an opportunity of indirectly affirming or denying a great article of belief. In fact, it is said that, upon the day of the last vote, the country clergy who flocked in some numbers to Oxford to give their testimony to the faith were in the habit of summing up their views with convenient brevity, in answer to all questioners, by expressing their determination “to vote for eternal punishment.” If the question is to be argued on that field, there are some considerations of which these religious politicians ought not to lose sight. Of course it may be very judicious and gratifying that they should assure the nation in general, in an emphatic way, of their attachment to the doctrine of eternal punishment; but they must not lose sight of other consequences, equally important, which are likely to result from the vote. If they take to proclaiming their own doctrinal fidelity or other admirable qualities in so circuitous a manner to the world, they must not be surprised if some other matters, upon which they did not count, should get into the proclamation. For instance, there may be, and are, a very large number of persons who look upon the vote as a proclamation of party spirit, of controversial spite, of narrowness of mind, and obliquity of judgment. Now it is for the majority themselves to consider whether, as they are contemplating the indirect effects of the vote, this is exactly the kind of picture of themselves which they desire to imprint upon the memories of their countrymen. The direct effects of the endowment of Professor JOWETT’s Chair almost every one will admit to be salutary. Few will dispute that it is right that a teacher who does his duty should be properly paid. Then the indirect effects, if they are to be brought into consideration at all, must be fairly estimated on both sides. On the one hand, the opponents of Professor JOWETT will have the advantage of being recognised as the champions of eternal punishment; but, on the other hand, they will be credited with a portentous and (in this age) unexampled share of the *odium theologicum*, and of the confusion of thought which this amiable failing brings with it. They must balance the two results against each other, and must decide in their own minds whether it is most injurious to the interests of religion that they should be thought less demonstrative in their enthusiasm for eternal punishment, or, on the other side, that they should stand forth as shocking examples of the moral weaknesses to which we have referred.

There is yet another matter for their consideration—always assuming that they intend to vote, as they have hitherto done, upon the indirect and not the direct consequences of their decision. A variety of causes have given to the party that sympathizes with Professor JOWETT peculiar advantages at the present day. The reaction from an embittered dogmatic controversy, often turning upon infinitesimal points, has for the moment made all dogma odious. The condition both of Oriental learning and of physical science has opened many Biblical questions, which are as yet so new that they dazzle and confound the intellects of men who have been brought up to believe in a supernatural warrant for the views that are impugned. The large number of persons who are sufficiently taught to speak or write with effect, but not to think with accuracy, encourages an infinite diversity of opinions unfavourable to the existence of any doctrinal standard. All these causes combine to foster the growth of a school preaching a religion of pure emotion, unfettered by the trammels of a creed. There is one, and only one, condition of success that is yet lacking to this school; and that is a popular leader who can stand forth to the vulgar eye as the concrete expression of these abstract tendencies. The majority of the Convocation at Oxford have done much to supply this want, and may possibly do yet more. Of course it would be quite inaccurate to identify Professor JOWETT with

any opinions so extreme as those which we have indicated. But any such exact correspondence between leader and followers is seldom of much account in the conduct of a vehement movement, especially at its outset. The name of WESLEY served, and still serves, as a rallying point for thousands who had little in common with either his moral gentleness or his intellectual moderation. There is something in the excesses of a popular agitation which repels men of a lofty tone of mind; and when such men are found at the head of the theological movements of that character, they have usually been driven reluctantly to occupy that position by some insane act of narrow bigotry or petty party spite.

DENMARK AND GERMANY.

THE recent discussion in the House of Lords on the Danish question has not tended to diminish the reasonable anxiety which is felt for the maintenance of peace. In answer to the taunts of Lord DERBY and the remonstrances of Lord GREY, Lord RUSSELL was careful to remind the House that he had never formally declared, on behalf of the Government, an intention of abstaining under all circumstances from a declaration of war. He also took credit for his willingness to have resisted the invasion of Denmark by force, if only France and Russia could have been induced to concur in active measures. It is, as a general rule, expedient to reserve the right of appealing in the last resort to arms, and the Russian negotiations of 1853 and 1854 showed the danger which might arise from an excessive display of eagerness for peace; but it might have been supposed that the English Government had by this time finally determined to abstain from active intervention between Denmark and Germany. The refusal of France and Russia to form a defensive alliance with Denmark, England, and Sweden has, for the time, averted a great misfortune. A single-handed war with Germany would be a still graver calamity. A strong feeling of sympathy for Denmark undoubtedly exists, especially in the upper classes of society; but a more direct interest and a more undoubted duty must arise before the frightful evils of a great European war could justifiably be encountered. In the half century which has elapsed since the close of the great struggle with France, innumerable acts of violence and injustice have been attempted or committed by different Powers, and great indignation has from time to time been felt in England. Nevertheless, the aggression of Russia upon Turkey in 1853 has been the only outrage which has been practically resented; and the almost unanimous demand for a declaration of war then resulted from a belief, which had been cherished for an entire generation, that it was essential to the safety of England to limit the aggrandisement of Russia in the East. On every other occasion, isolated provocations have been deliberately endured, and it is impossible to argue that jealousy of Austria and Prussia, or of Germany as a whole, has at any time been adopted as a principle of English policy. When Lord RUSSELL speaks of the disturbance of the balance of power, he forgets that the equilibrium of Europe has never yet been deranged by the preponderance or ambition of Germany. The efforts of the Emperor of AUSTRIA, in the last summer, to draw the bonds of the Confederacy closer would have been regarded with favour by every English politician if the attempt had presented any reasonable hope of success. The actual conduct of Austria and Prussia may be oppressive to Denmark, but it in no way endangers the security or influence of England, and moral indignation is seldom a sufficient cause for engaging in an otherwise unnecessary war. If all political traditions and all considerations of expediency are to be disregarded, there is still an opening in Poland for a crusade which would serve the interests of justice and humanity more visibly and certainly than a gratuitous conflict with Germany. Only a year ago it seemed possible that the national feeling would insist on a rupture with Russia. The House of Lords, and Lord RUSSELL himself, now seem inclined to regret that, with the oppression of Poland unrelaxed, and after the insulting rejection of all diplomatic representations, Russia has not been united in a close alliance with England against Austria and Prussia.

The bombardment of Sönderborg appears to have been both unnecessary and cruel, although, as Mr. KINGLAKE lately observed, a House of Commons fresh from the hoax of Kago-sima would do well to suspend its judgment, even if it had the duty of judging, until the facts of the case are more accurately known. The Prussians will probably continue to assert that the town was within the defences of the fortified position, and the Danes will maintain that the inhabitants ought at least to have received a special notice to quit. Unfortunately,

inhumanity and irregularity are almost as inseparable from war in modern as in ancient times. Those who loudly accuse the Prussians of unprecedented atrocity must have carefully abstained from reading the history of any former military operations. They might at least have remembered their own invectives against the Federal Americans for numerous acts which are, if correctly reported, more obviously objectionable. Even if the Prussian bombardment proves to be indefensible, it involves a trivial culpability in comparison with the systematic administration of General MOURAVIEFF in Lithuania. The moral indignation which has so lightly been diverted from its object of six months ago may perhaps, in the case of Denmark also, prove itself a flame of straw. Statesmen of the rank of Lord DERBY, or in the responsible situation of Lord RUSSELL, ought not to weaken the good effect of friendly offices which may hereafter be rendered practicable by superfluous protestations against the rumoured misdeeds of either belligerent. Ministers and political leaders must hold many opinions which it is by no means their business to express; and of judgments which have been formed and never uttered, a considerable proportion is generally found to have been erroneous. If the German cause were popular in England, peers and members of Parliament would find numerous informants who would report cases of Danish cruelty and oppression, and they would perhaps be eager to repeat the exciting narrative. It may be safely assumed that in a bitter quarrel, and more especially in an open war, many questionable acts will be committed. It is eminently unwise to select for discussion the topics which are most offensive to one of the parties whose consent must be obtained to any scheme for the restoration of peace.

There is little prudence or patriotism in proving beforehand that the approaching Conference will be abortive. In cases of this kind, unfavourable prophecies have a tendency to secure their own accomplishment, and the difficulties of a settlement are sufficiently formidable as they stand. The English Government is happily aware that, from the beginning of the dispute, there have been two sides to the controversy, and as far as its influence extends it ought to aim rather at a compromise than at a judicial decision. It would be absurd and unmeaning to replace Denmark and the Duchies in the false and untenable position which gave rise to the present quarrel. Something must be conceded; and the stronger litigant is not likely to yield. By far the best solution would be the annexation of Southern Schleswig to Holstein, and of the Northern part of the Duchy to Jutland and the Crown of Denmark. An arbitrator could not direct such an innovation; but, if the non-German Powers would urge the expediency of the arrangement, the representatives both of the Diet and of Denmark might possibly be induced to concur. If so vigorous a remedy is found impracticable, the renewal of the administrative union between Schleswig and Holstein must certainly be conceded. The connexion was wrongfully dissolved with the assent of Austria and Prussia, and they will not lose the opportunity of repairing their error. The different Governments cannot too soon be reassured as to the supposed unwillingness of England to witness the creation of a German navy at Kiel. Half the bay outside the port is already German, and the shores of the other half are inhabited by a German population. If, however, the titular sovereignty of both Duchies is confirmed to the King of DENMARK, it will scarcely be practicable to make a port in his dominions the nucleus of the naval power of Germany. The first occupation of the Conference will be to urge on the belligerents the acceptance of an armistice on reasonable conditions. The war has fortunately thus far involved a comparatively small sacrifice of life, but wanton bloodshed even on a small scale is repugnant to the moral sense. If both parties agreed to hold for the present the ground which they occupy, it is not easy to see how the condition of either would be unfairly affected if hostilities were ultimately resumed. In a definitive settlement, Alsen ought properly to remain with Denmark, as it lies north of the most convenient frontier which could be selected.

The proposal of France for a popular vote in the Duchies will probably be rejected by the Plenipotentiaries of all the other Powers. The Diet might, indeed, probably secure a favourable decision on the immediate question by the unanimous voice of Holstein, and by a majority in Schleswig, and the German population would applaud the French project; but the Princes, who are alone represented in the Diet, will scarcely adopt a new invention which might serve as a precedent for their own dethronement. If universal suffrage is adopted as the foundation of public law, the six-and-thirty States of the Confederation might perhaps hereafter suddenly coalesce by a popular vote into a single nation. England will, of course,

steadily refuse to allow that a numerical majority has a right to determine by a single vote the future destiny of any community. It may be possible, however, to profit by the French suggestion so far as to give the Duchies an opportunity of communicating their wishes to the Conference. The Estates of either Duchy might be required to state, within certain limits, their claims or wishes; for, after all, Schleswig and Holstein have some right to regard themselves as parties to the controversy. When the excitement of the moment has subsided, it will be thought strange that England should have ever contemplated the possibility of assisting Denmark to establish its authority over unwilling or disaffected dependencies. Even if it is thought impracticable to consult the Duchies through their proper representative bodies, their well-known inclination ought to be carefully respected. The calmest German writers are, with some reason, astonished at the refusal of the majority of English politicians to understand the hardship which the German inhabitants of the Duchies have suffered since the establishment of a democratic Constitution in Denmark. Whatever may be the legal relations between the Kingdom and the Duchies, constant efforts at political incorporation have been substituted for that essentially personal union which connects the provinces of an absolute monarchy. Lord DERBY complains of the absurdity of giving Holstein a veto on the legislation of Denmark, and it is evident that a semi-federal Constitution is in many respects inconvenient; but the control of a minority by an alien majority is far more oppressive. If the Plenipotentiaries will condescend to concentrate their attention on the real issue, they may perhaps devise means of providing for the government of 300,000 Germans in South Schleswig, with the reasonable hope that the rest of the quarrel would settle itself.

THE WORKING MAN AND HIS FRIENDS.

THE Parliamentary opponents of the Government Annuities Bill can afford, happily for themselves, to take a sublimely dispassionate view of the interests of those for whose advantage Mr. GLADSTONE's measure is designed. The solvency and good management of the societies to whose care the working man entrusts the surplus earnings of a lifetime are a matter of no personal concern to gentlemen whose investments run in altogether different channels, and who would certainly never dream of staking their own future, or that of their families, on the stability of the institutions of which they proclaim themselves the champions. There is Mr. AYRTON, for instance, who, in the name of the working men, is forward in opposing a scheme for giving his truly unfortunate clients the benefit of Government security for their life policies and their deferred annuities. The Gods of EPICURUS could not regard with more unruffled composure than does this gentleman the admitted imperfections—not to say delinquencies—of the associations which at present undertake the business of assuring poor people's lives and guaranteeing pensions to them in old age. It might have been thought that so stanch a Poor Man's Friend would be rather painfully impressed with the fact, which nobody ventures either to deny or doubt, that vast numbers of these bodies are scandalously mismanaged—that they take payments to-day for which they have not a chance of being able, twenty or thirty years hence, to render the stipulated equivalent, and blindly contract prospective liabilities which it is morally certain that they will ultimately fail to meet. Of course it is fairly open to Mr. AYRTON or any one else to contend that Mr. GLADSTONE's Bill is an inexpedient or impracticable mode of remedying the evil; but it is certain that the evil is terribly real, and one might have expected that so fervid an advocate of working-class interests would have a sufficiently lively sense of its urgency, and would at least look kindly on a scheme which aims at removing it. Perhaps the author of the Bill was, as is his wont, unnecessarily aggressive. Perhaps he might have acted more judiciously in letting Mr. GEORGE POTTER and the Trades' Unions alone. Possibly there was no occasion for him to edify the House with the story of the Professional and the European Societies, or to bring in Mr. SHERIDAN's connexion with a defunct concern. It is not disputed, however, that some thousands of Friendly Societies have broken down since the passing, in 1846, of the Act regulating these bodies; no one questions that numbers of those which are yearly started carry insolvency on the very face of their rules and tables, even when their management is not wilfully dishonest; and it is equally undeniable that Mr. GLADSTONE's Annuity and Assurance Office will pay its way and meet its engagements in any contingency short of national bankruptcy. Yet all this seems to be perfectly

irrelevant in Mr. AYRTON's view. He declines to see that it raises so much as a faint presumption in favour of the Government proposal. In the admitted fact of "an immense collapse" of Life Assurance and Friendly Societies within the last eighteen years, the philosophic mind of the Radical member for the Tower Hamlets only discovers a proof that "there has been great eagerness to carry on the business of life assurance"; and, if so, "what necessity is there for the Government to interfere with that business?" Clearly "the market is overstocked," and there can be no occasion for Mr. GLADSTONE and his postmasters to swell the ranks of competitors who are already too numerous. It does not appear to strike Mr. AYRTON as in any way material that the business which so many rivals undertake to perform is, after all, so far as the working classes are concerned, miserably ill performed. The trifling circumstance that Mr. GLADSTONE offers to the industrious and frugal poor exactly that one thing which in long-dated contracts is the one thing needful, and which only the State can offer in its most perfect form—namely, absolute and indefeasible security—is altogether left out of the calculations of this thoughtful and considerate friend of the working man. And, anyhow, there need be no hurry. Next year or the year after will be time enough in any case. Mr. AYRTON might have added that Mr. TIDD PRATT's last annual report tells us that only 137 Friendly Societies failed within the twelve months to which it relates, and there is no particular reason to suppose that the next yearly return will show a marked increase in the statistics of insolvency. So "there is not the slightest necessity for passing this measure hastily through Parliament." Let us send it up stairs to a Select Committee—if with power to send for "persons, papers, and records," so much the better—and trust that it will trouble us no more.

It is remarkable that, in all the discussions which have taken place on this Bill, whether in or out of Parliament, the only real doubts which it raises have been left almost unnoticed. It may perhaps be less certain than the supporters of the measure could desire that the existing Post-office machinery will be adequate to the new work which is to be put upon it. On more general grounds it might be plausibly argued that the State cannot undertake, without certain inconvenience and probable loss, a business which affords so many openings to fraud as that of life assurance, and which cannot, like the mere receipt, investment, and repayment of money, be readily reduced to a mere matter of routine. Mr. GLADSTONE briefly glanced at these objections in the least satisfactory part of his otherwise conclusive argument of some weeks ago, but they would perhaps bear further consideration than they have yet received. Apart, however, from the merely practical difficulties of the case—on which, as we have said, the opponents of the Bill mostly forget to insist—the scheme seems absolutely unexceptionable. From the working man's point of view, at any rate, or from the working man's friend's point of view, there is literally nothing to be said against it. It simply offers to the industrious poor a benefit which they are free to accept or reject at their option. It merely provides a new mode of investing savings of which those may avail themselves who like it. All existing organizations for the same or analogous purposes are left wholly untouched. The Friendly Societies will remain exactly as they are, in undisturbed possession of privileges which, as Mr. GLADSTONE said, amount to a "virtual and substantial subsidy from the Government," and with full powers to manage their own affairs as well or as ill as they please. They will retain their present exemption from income-tax and from stamp and probate duties, and they will continue to receive a rate of interest on their accumulated funds by which the State is a regular annual loser. The Government prudently abstains from any new attempt to regulate, control, or supervise the administration of some twenty thousand voluntary associations; and it is not difficult to imagine the outcry which would have been raised against official interference and dictation if a different course had been taken. All that the Bill does is to open a new shop for the sale of certain prospective advantages in return for present payments, without putting the smallest compulsion, direct or indirect, on those who may prefer dealing at the old shop. To say, as is said, that Government competition will ruin the Friendly Societies is merely a way of saying that what the Government offers to the working man is incomparably better than anything he can get elsewhere. The measure can only be dangerous to the Friendly Societies by doing their work better than they do it, by attracting a confidence which they fail to inspire, by selling an article which, in the judgment of purchasers, is either cheaper or more serviceable than that supplied by the older establishments. Such a result may no

doubt be disagreeable to the managers and office-bearers of Friendly Societies, who derive income or personal importance from the control and disbursement of large sums of money; but to the class for whose benefit these institutions ostensibly exist, it can only be an unmixed good. The angry demagogue who told an Exeter Hall meeting the other day that, if Mr. GLADSTONE's Bill passed, "there would not be a Friendly Society left in the country in ten years," was probably much mistaken, seeing that the Friendly Societies perform, well or ill, some functions (in the way of sick allowances and otherwise) which are wholly foreign to the scope of the present measure; but, right or wrong, he said the strongest thing that has been said yet in support of the scheme. And it is satisfactory to believe that working men are coming to see the matter in this light. The well-organized agitation against the Bill has been but very partially successful. More than one public meeting of working men has adopted petitions in its favour; and at the great Exeter Hall demonstration got up under the joint auspices of Mr. AYRTON and Mr. GEORGE POTTER, the advocates of what may be called the Friendly Society or Trades' Union "interest" barely succeeded in getting their resolution passed by a dubious majority, which many persons asserted to be no majority at all. There is reason to think that the "intelligent working man" is, after all, not quite such a simpleton as is apparently supposed by his Parliamentary and platform champions.

It is to be hoped that a useful and beneficial measure will not be ultimately defeated by ignorant or interested clamour. Mr. GLADSTONE was warranted in remarking on Monday night that his scheme has gained by discussion, and there can be no kind of doubt that large numbers of those whom he desires to benefit will eagerly avail themselves of the boon which is tendered for their acceptance. It is just possible that this new attempt to utilize administrative machinery for purposes collateral to those for which it was originally devised may be less successful than some previous attempts by the same hand in the same direction, and it might be rash to take for granted that the precedent of the Post-office Savings Banks will bear indefinite repetition. The experiment, however, if not wholly free from doubt, seems to be, all things considered, extremely well worth trying. Some amount of official inconvenience, or even of fiscal loss, may be legitimately risked for the sake of encouraging frugality, providence, and self-dependence in the most numerous section of the community, rescuing the hard-earned savings of the working man from the chances of fraudulent or blundering mismanagement, and attaching the industrious poor by a new tie to the institutions of their country.

THE FINANCES OF FRANCE.

FRENCH Budgets follow a very uniform law. An Imperial financier never is, but always is to be, solvent; and this year, as the aspect of affairs has been considerably brightened, for the moment, by the relief of a considerable loan, the anticipations of the future naturally assume a cheerful tone. It would be unreasonable to complain that this sanguine estimate of future prosperity has tinged the Report of the Commission on the Budget; and it is only common justice to M. O'QUIN, the Deputy who has prepared it, to acknowledge that his *resumé* of the actual situation of the resources of the State displays a clearness of appreciation of financial truths which is more often found in the country of his adoption than in that of his presumable origin. The sort of debtor and creditor account which is stated of the benefits and drawbacks of Imperial policy may possibly conceal a certain amount of sarcasm under the cloak of affected candour. We are gravely told that the rule of the last twelve years is answerable for an increase in the annual charge of the funded debt of more than 5,000,000*l.*, equivalent to a capital of something more than 100,000,000*l.*, against which is to be set a reduction of the floating deficit by about 3,000,000*l.* As the compensation for an increase in the fixed burdens of the State of about 50 per cent., the Government is credited with the results of the Russian and Italian wars, with the maintenance of a French army in Rome, with the dubious triumphs of Cochin China and Mexico, and with the more tangible advantages to be found in the acquisition of Savoy and Nice, in the construction of nearly 5,000 miles of railway, and in the establishment of a more liberal system of commercial policy. Adding to this the fact that France has progressed with amazing rapidity—not only in the spirit of commercial speculation, but in actual wealth—we have really a very fair summary of what the Imperial Government has done for France, and what it has inflicted upon her.

In a mere material estimate, it would be difficult to say that the solid progress which has been made is not a substantial return, however inadequate, for the extravagant expenditure which has so quickly aggravated the burden of the public debt; and the whimsical notion of reckoning "the protection to the Holy Father," and "the expeditions to Cochin China and Mexico," as items on the credit side of the account between France and her Emperor, may be regarded as a delicate piece of irony, which will no doubt be keenly appreciated in a country where irony is never misunderstood. While painting the situation of his country in rather warm colours, as every Frenchman feels himself bound to do, M. O'QUIN seems not the less alive to the importance of a radical change in the policy which has produced these satisfactory results. For the past, he is quite willing to admit that guarding Popes and manufacturing Emperors are indulgences for which a great country that fights for ideas may reasonably add 100,000,000*l.* to its debt; but the future is measured by an entirely different scale. The increase of wealth is set off against the past increase of national expenditure, but the hopes expressed for the future take this cautious form:—"If the resources of France are prudently administered, and if tranquillity is maintained at home and peace abroad, we shall see to what degree of financial prosperity she will attain. On the conduct of political affairs depends the whole future of our finances." This is not only true in itself, but may be accepted as a fair representation of what the public opinion (such as it is) of France would say if it had not lost the privilege and the habit of making itself heard. "France," as M. O'QUIN puts it, "asks for nothing more than to be allowed to unfold in peace the resources of her genius;" or, in other words, she prefers an easy market to any more Mexican expeditions. In another respect, also, the Report, like most of those which have preceded it, gives utterance to a feeling which the Corps Législatif, even in its lowest abasement, has never lost. The one English idea that seems at length to have been thoroughly naturalized in France, however imperfectly it has been carried out in practice, is the theory of the right of the Representative Assembly to control the public expenditure. Small as the numerical strength of the Opposition is, there would probably be found a large proportion of the French Deputies who would cordially cheer the sentiment of M. O'QUIN that "to estimate the necessities of the public service, to satisfy them within reasonable measure, but at the same time to prevent the extravagance to which the best Governments are prone, is the principal duty of the Deputy, and that duty is become all the more important in the eyes of the public since attention has been called to the financial condition of the Empire." It cannot well be said that the Corps Législatif has hitherto done much to check an extravagance which it has not approved; but the annual repetition, in language which grows more and more forcible, of this conception of their functions, may yet prepare the way for energetic and successful action. At any rate, it serves to keep alive the traditions of Parliamentary government, and will bear its fruit some day, however distant the time may be.

If we pass from the broad generalities of the Report to the details which it exhibits with the clearness which belongs to all French documents, it is difficult perhaps to find good ground for the confidence in the future which the Reporter constrains himself to express. It is quite true that the resources of France are rapidly increasing. The splendours of a renovated capital are in some sort a symbol of genuine commercial progress and progressive accumulation of wealth. Every year the ordinary revenue shows an augmentation which will bear comparison with the elasticity of our own national income. If the estimates, already in part confirmed, for 1864 and those for 1865 are fairly justified, the rate at which the revenue improves seems to be considerably more than 1,000,000*l.* a year. Unluckily, however, a large proportion of this surplus is absorbed in the additional charge for the interest on the public debt, and not a franc is available for the reduction of a taxation which is more burdensome than that which we have to endure. Expenditure grows in France after a fashion which would make Mr. GLADSTONE shudder, and which no doubt sufficiently disturbs the serenity of M. FOULD. The ordinary estimate for 1865 is nearly 72,000,000*l.*, which just about exhausts the items of income which it has been thought fit to place in the ordinary Budget; but against this it is to be observed that the extraordinary Budgets show a tendency towards reduction of expenditure. After allotting about 6,000,000*l.* to this branch of the public outlay in 1862 and 1863, the Government estimates the total for each of the

next two years at little more than 4,000,000*l.* This is not so much evidence of real economy as an inevitable consequence of the system introduced by M. FOULD. The rule is that the ordinary revenue must be made to accommodate itself to the ordinary expenditure, while the extraordinary outlay is supposed to be limited by the amount which happens to be available in the shape of what is considered extraordinary income. At first, this wholesome practice was facilitated by the fact that from the remains of old loans, the profits of operations on the public debt, and other resources in the shape of capital, there were considerable windfalls applicable to the extraordinary Budget; but these are in great measure exhausted, and a nominal reduction of expenditure has become inevitable. Practically, however, the limitations of the Budgets have little to do with the real amount of the outlay of the State. Even with us, special circumstances frequently arise to necessitate supplementary votes, but in France this system is carried, as it almost always has been, to an extent that goes far to destroy the value of a preliminary estimate altogether. It is true that M. FOULD has regularised this margin of expenditure by requiring either a previous or a retrospective sanction on the part of the Corps Législatif; but, as supplementary votes are always passed, with or without a protest, little substantial effect is produced. In 1861 the supplementary credits added 14,000,000*l.* to the estimated expenditure. In 1862, the first year of financial reform, the deficit at the end of the year, brought about in the same way, was more than 9,000,000*l.* This was not promising, but M. FOULD's machinery had scarcely had time to get into work. The next year, however, called for supplementary credits of nearly the same amount, due, in great part, to the war in Mexico, which is already answerable for an outlay of between eight and nine millions sterling. The normal condition of the French finances seems to be that budgets are annually introduced, showing an expenditure of about 76,000,000*l.*, balanced within a few thousands by the estimated revenue, and that unforeseen circumstances recur with the same regularity as the seasons themselves, and uniformly add at least 8,000,000*l.* to the expenses of the State. As a necessary consequence, the floating debt grows until it becomes unmanageable, then a new loan is contracted, and the Government, relieved from immediate anxiety, ushers in a new career of extravagance with promises of thrift which are accepted by the helpless deputies—in words at any rate—as certain guarantees of future amendment.

The system thus regularly worked has a wonderful power of perpetuating itself. When an extraordinary expenditure is incurred, as for the Mexican war, the funds are ultimately supplied by a loan, while at the same time the public mind is appeased by the assurance that the money will in course of time be paid back. Some portion, indeed, of the cost of this Mexican expedition, like that of the Italian war, will no doubt be recouped out of the first loan effected by the grateful Government which owes its existence to the favour of France; but the money thus returned will be reckoned, not as capital to reduce the public burdens, but as special income to be devoted to any of the purposes to which the extraordinary Budget is consecrated. Thus every fresh extravagance indirectly supplies the means of regularising additional extravagance in future; and the ingenious machinery of the French financial system is perhaps the best that could be chosen by a Sovereign anxious to give a plausible colour to the practice of annually exceeding his income by some eight or ten millions sterling. The Report of the Legislative Commission points—and probably points in vain—to the only reform which can really diminish the cost of the Imperial Government; but when M. O'QUIN dwells on the importance of reducing the strength of the army and navy to the amount annually set down in the ordinary Budget, he is probably well aware that he is indicating a policy which, though the only possible remedy, is not the less an impossibility until the influence of the Parliament shall become much stronger than it is at present. And what will happen then, besides a reduction of the army and navy, is more than we can venture to guess.

MR. LOWE AND THE INSPECTORS.

AT the close of Lord JOHN RUSSELL's Administration, when he was suffering almost weekly defeats with apparent apathy, it was wittily said that "Lord JOHN would take any beating with philosophy, but not with resignation." The phrase, it seems, may be applied with some aptitude at the present moment to the heads of the Committee of Council. The resolution which was carried on Tuesday night by the House of Commons, on the motion of Lord ROBERT CECIL, accused the Council-Office of garbling the reports of

the inspectors to serve a political purpose. Unless the officials of that department are gifted with a rare insensibility, they cannot sit down quietly under such an impeachment, solemnly recorded by the most powerful body in the Constitution. Either they must prove their innocence of the offence with sufficient clearness to induce the House of Commons to retract the accusation; or they must sacrifice the peccant member of their body. Some of the newspapers have laid the whole responsibility upon Mr. LOWE. This seems, on the face of it, to be hardly fair. Constitutionally speaking, Mr. LOWE has no independent power. He only represents Lord GRANVILLE, or the Committee over which Lord GRANVILLE presides. Theoretically, the LORD PRESIDENT is alone responsible for all that passes in his office, and it is against him that the stringent terms of the resolution tell. In strictness, he has been guilty of garbling the reports, and he has been formally censured by the House of Commons for doing so. Of course there is a safe, though not a very dignified, plea that may be advanced on his behalf. It may be maintained, with much plausibility, that he is practically a nonentity. His function, in the Committee of Council and elsewhere, is strictly ornamental. It would be as unfair to attempt to fix on him the errors of the Council-Office as to lay the blame of the shortcomings of the House of Commons upon the mace or the red box. That may be all very true; and it may be very necessary to have an ornamental Minister for the purpose of public ceremonials, exhibitions, City dinners, and the like. But that is no reason why the responsibility for all that is done should be fixed upon Mr. LOWE. If we descend from theory to practice, there are other people who exercise power in the office besides Mr. LOWE. If rumour does not much belie him, Mr. LINGEN is quite as powerful, and a good deal more offensive. It is from Mr. LINGEN that all the sharp snubbing replies proceed which have imprinted upon half the rural parishes in the country a deep conviction that the Education Department is their natural enemy, whom it is their first duty to elude, baffle, and despoil to the utmost of their power. He is the ingenious Sphinx who propounds the recondite enigmas which he calls minutes, more inscrutable than cuneiform inscriptions, under which so many curious devices for hampering and annoying philanthropic educationists are concealed. And, therefore, arguing purely *à priori*, it is probable that practically Mr. LINGEN is the officer who has been guilty of the one-sided mutilation which the House of Commons has condemned. It is always more probable that these outrageous violations of common English fair-play should be committed by the permanent chief of a department than by those who are responsible in Parliament. The politicians know that for whatever is done they will be called to account, and that the judgment which is passed upon their acts may possibly affect their career. But the permanent chief laughs at the House of Commons. No vote can displace him. The statesmen who are nominally his superiors are in reality his whipping-boys. For all that he does they must answer; and if he makes judicious use of the press of work which it is in his power to thrust upon them, he ought not to find any difficulty in persuading them that the proceeding which has been blamed has been done chiefly upon their orders.

Still, though it is doubtful whether, either theoretically or practically, Mr. LOWE can be made the scapegoat of the sins of the department in this respect, there is no question that he personally contributed much to his own defeat. There is an irritating pugnacity about his manner which invites opposition. If it had fallen to the lot of Sir GEORGE GREY to fight a similar battle, the result would probably have been very different. Sir GEORGE GREY's faults of administration are greater than Mr. LOWE's, but, for purposes of defence, the difference between the two is the difference between an earthwork and a stone wall. All the missiles of an Opposition—taunts, sarcasms, invectives—are showered in vain upon Sir GEORGE GREY's easy and imperturbable politeness; they simply imbed themselves harmlessly in the unresisting mass. But on Mr. LOWE every shot tells, every blow strikes fire. The more sharply he is attacked, the more certain he is to lose his temper and to say something which will damage his cause with his audience. The gratification of venting his feelings in some angry epigram, which is generally far too hasty and too passionate to be really biting, induces him entirely to forget that the object of a speech is to convince those to whom it is addressed. But he has another more fatal deficiency in addressing an English audience. He has the fatal gift of a preternatural subtlety of mind. It is the same malady which, in a less malignant form, has yet neutralized all Mr. GLADSTONE's mar-

vellous power. He fastens upon some minute distinction, almost imperceptible to less perspicacious minds, and dwells upon it with so much fondness that it seems to him to overshadow in importance every consideration that can conflict with it. In the debates upon the Revised Code, he created a great sensation by insisting that he was conferring an important benefit upon the pupil teachers by giving them indentures stamped instead of unstamped—as if the case were conceivable of a Government department taking advantage of its own wrong by refusing to enforce an instrument in favour of a poor boy because it had neglected to have it stamped. The very idea that such a piece of sharp practice should have occurred to the mind of the VICE-PRESIDENT of the Privy Council as a possible course sent a shudder through the House of Commons. Poor Mr. MORELL has been the victim of a similar morality. He has been dismissed for writing an untruth in his official diary; and his untruth consisted in an entry in which, for the purpose of recording the date of a journey by railway, he had computed the official day as beginning, not at midnight, but at the close of office hours on the previous evening. It is inconceivable that any specimen of the human race not educated in China can have been guilty of the ludicrous absurdity committed by the Department in this instance. But, of course, such freaks of a subtle brain cease to be ludicrous when they involve the fate of sane human beings. Mr. LOWE was guilty of a similar display of legerdemain in his speech on Tuesday night. He was accused of mutilating the reports. He expressed the utmost indignation at the charge. He charged his accuser who had made it with a recklessness of calumny which rendered all other statements coming from the same quarter untrustworthy. And then he proceeded to explain what it was he really had done. He had not mutilated the Reports: he had only sent them back to the Inspectors, with orders that they should mutilate them, under pain of suppression if they disobeyed. It was of course an insult to any assembly of intelligent men to offer them such a distinction in refutation of a charge. Most people would have felt that it was safer to acknowledge the charge frankly than to offer such a defence. But Mr. LOWE put it forward in perfect good faith, evidently believing that there was some honest substantial meaning in the language he was using. It is this absolute want of intellectual sympathy with his fellow-men that disqualifies him from dealing with a popular assembly. The intellectual microscope is a very unpopular instrument. The presentation of particular features of a case in proportions hugely enlarged, while all the rest is left in its natural dimensions, is an oratorical device which the mass of men look upon as equivalent to deceit. And, as far as effects are concerned, it is difficult to say that they are far wrong. Most errors are errors of proportion. Few people blunder so much as to believe in a pure fiction or wholly to repudiate a truth. Their delusions generally consist in inverting the importance of the various considerations presented to them; so that the popular aversion to over-subtlety has its foundation in a true appreciation of the laws of human thought. But, be it right or wrong, it is so deeply imprinted on English minds that Mr. LOWE, so long as he neglects to respect this sentiment will fail as much with English audiences as his despotic disregard for the feelings of others is likely to make him miscarry in the administration of an English office.

JILTING.

SO long as there is love-making in the world, and engagements, and talk of weddings and young folks' happy prospects, so long will one shadow haunt these felicities, and experience have its moments of misgiving; so long will society have to report from time to time of sudden changes, broken promises, feelings outraged, and hopes blighted in their pride of bloom. Whenever happiness depends on the consent of two, one may fail; and whatever is possible to human weakness and error will certainly now and then be done. No circle, therefore, is ever long without its interesting case of jilting, whether arousing indignant sympathy or giving play to that refining casuistry which is a feature of our day. But to us it seems that the question, as a question, is particularly prominent just now, possibly from the discussions following a celebrated criminal trial, and also from the use made of it by a popular novelist, to stimulate the curiosity and interest of his readers. The term which we have been forced to adopt was probably devised when constancy was a more unquestioned virtue than it is with us—when people were not so much in the habit of analysing their natures, and feelings were supposed to be under absolute moral control; and thus a certain act cannot be expressed summarily without giving it a vulgar name, and so committing the speaker to an adverse judgment. And yet jilting is rarely so simple a business but that something, and generally a great deal, may be said for it, and especially where the perpetrator is a lady. In fact, it is not only that the term itself is feminine, but we believe the act, in its

proper typical significance, is feminine also—where, that is, it results from actual change of mind. Men commit breaches of faith quite as often as women, but when they do so, it is almost always from deliberate self-interest, not from any startling change in their feelings. Crosbie, who creditably represents the male jilt, is in a way constant to Lily. His affections were not the things that swerved or changed owners; they simply interfered with his prospects. This was the scrape he found himself in, and he thought he knew his way out of it. A real change of feeling, the act of breaking an engagement at the last, simply because the person with whom it was contracted has become distasteful and caprice turns love into loathing, is a woman's act, and this is the conduct that admits of two sides in social discussion. There are plenty of men ready to follow Crosbie's example, plenty of other men to take for granted, in their own minds or amongst men of the world, that there was nothing else to be done; but the tongue does not run on this theme; in fact it is one of the things to be done—taken for granted—not talked of. But all the refinements of sentiment, all the subtleties of conflicting duties, all the mazes of feeling may be found entangled and complicated in a case of ladylike jilting, where the rules of good breeding have been observed with discriminating delicacy, and an array of heart-rending scruples pleaded in extenuation. What, it is boldly asked, is a woman to do under such circumstances? and the reply is not so easy to find as the indignant side imagine.

Take the ordinary case. A young man and woman meet, are mutually attracted, go through a course of flirtation, ripening into courtship on his side, and resulting in eager, happy acceptance on hers. Amidst the gratulations of friends and the jubilation of the contracting parties, who enjoy the celebrity and glory of their position, the affair progresses, and the day nears which is to make him "the happiest of men." The lady, in the delicious excitement of her *trousseau*, suffers feeling to sleep, till suddenly she discovers a change in herself. Her William is no longer all-in-all to her; she wakes to his faults, finds him tiresome, vapid, finally intolerable. William is, in fact, just what he always was—his good and bad very much on the surface, his little awkwardnesses always patent to his friends, but a good honest fellow, with a heart only too much in the affair for the success of his hopes. It is she who sees him with different eyes—eyes which exaggerate every defect till life looks hideous under the prospect of his inseparable company. To people not in love, and alive to the irksomeness of uncongenial society, life-long companionship with anybody to whom they are not used is an alarming if not repulsive idea. Those who reason from what they know in themselves, not upon general principles, and who happen always to have felt constancy in the abstract something of a puzzle, sympathize with a hapless girl entangled in a horrible mesh of promises not in her power to perform. They think her recoil from William not unnatural, and begin to wonder that these things do not happen oftener. Thus, in every affair of this sort where the lady has done nothing flagrant to aggravate her case, there will be strong differences of opinion, and there will be persons to constitute themselves respectively counsel for the prosecution and the defence. The simple people who think a promise binding and constancy a virtue, and a very easy virtue too, are on the lover's side. They realize what must be the supreme bitterness of that moment—made up of rage, grief, bewilderment, shame, blank void—when a man, having garnered up his hopes on some fair one, has his heart returned upon his hands; when, having believed himself first in her affections, he finds himself nothing—not only not beloved, but repugnant. No, they cannot forgive a woman who can inflict upon the man who loves her, and whom she has once loved, such complicated and humiliating torment. The lady's advocates, on the other hand, assert that constancy is not an affair of the will—that the fault lies with destiny, or with William himself, who does not stand the test of close intimacy. And then comes the question, what is a woman to do when she finds the prospect of a union with him unsupportable? True, she has promised; but is there not a more binding promise beyond, which she could not undertake without conscious falsehood and hypocrisy? Would it not be a greater wrong, even to him, to marry than to break away while there is yet time? The power to answer this question does not really influence our right of censure, but it is put as though the whole point turned upon it. In fact, nobody is in a condition to answer the Yes or the No except the lady herself and her closest intimates, for it hangs on something of which the outside world cannot be the judge, which yet has a right to be angry when it sees an honest attachment brought to grief. Only, if the lady can prove herself in the right in breaking her engagement, our blame ought to be of a severer sort than if the decision of conscience is that she ought to have gone through with the thing at any cost to herself. It all depends on whether she ever cared for him in the way her words and actions gave him to understand she did. If she did, if there has been one spark of real love in the business, she should have swallowed her scruples, and all would have come right; and so she will discover when too late. There are some forms of caprice and change of mind we can pity. There is in the feminine organization a tendency to sudden misgivings and disgusts, the offspring of nerves rather than feeling, and akin to the spleen and vapours which in old times were such acknowledged sources of inconvenience and perplexity to mankind. What so natural as that this should clash now and then with that other characteristic of seeing things, not with the eye of reason, but of imagination—that proneness to illusion without which perhaps it is impossible ever to be properly in love at all, and which sets off her lover in a glow of colours certainly not all his own? Is it

strange that the veil should flutter aside now and then, that her constitutional fastidiousness should betray her into some vagaries? Nature and society conspire to make her look forward to marriage as her calling; but there is another side. Something never fairly considered before has to be sacrificed to bring about this consummation. It is no wonder if the prize, when fairly within reach, should lose its prestige at odd moments; and, if the influence of the hour is allowed its way, it precipitates her into the act of jilting. She shows herself capricious and changeable; we can boldly pronounce her wrong, and at the same time unhappy in her error, for we know that habit, duty, and the sense of the inevitable would soon have established her in the first favourable way of thinking.

But what if she has never cared for him? What if, from the first, her course has been one of simple selfishness, of which this is the natural *dénouement*? What if all along her aim has been to make him wish to marry her, without concerning herself with results? What if the desire to attract has blinded her to the nature of her own feelings precisely at the time when they would have been her best guides? In most cases of the kind it is no want of charity to believe that this final act has been held in reserve, though perhaps only with a semi-consciousness, from the first. In this case she is quite right in having recourse to it; but she can only be right now at the cost of having been wrong all along—wrong in altogether a deeper, more pervading sense than her weaker but sincerer sister in error. Both are selfish, both have failed to recognise a paramount claim upon them; but in one case it is an isolated act, in the other a course of action. We can only argue on simple cases. We know that in actual life they are complicated by a thousand intricacies, demanding the nicest casuistry. No woman is bound to marry a man simply because she has promised him, if he reveals qualities dangerous or incompatible with domestic comfort. The man who has it in him to cut her throat if thwarted may fairly be broken with; though this is a judgment which has found not a few impugnors in late discussions on the subject; as though some power of self-control were no essential and integral part of a man who pretends to a place in human society, and would attach other destinies to his own. Let us finally observe of the jilt proper and unmitigated that, whatever her profession of regret at giving pain, she would not be pleased—would even feel defrauded of her due—if her victim did not suffer a considerable intensity of disappointment, and if this did not extend over a long period, and affect his whole life. It is never pleasant to her to hear of his "getting over it," and marrying somebody prettier, richer, and more devoted than herself. The news gives her a sense of jealous ill-usage, which exhales in pique and disparagement.

And in this temper we see the essential difference between masculine and feminine heart-treacheries. The man who jilts most commonly does it for some substantial advantage, not often from simple vanity or whim. The lady probably wants feeling, but she has not necessarily been prompted by mere vulgar self-interest. She has thought only of herself, but that self need not be the outside self that dresses fine and fares sumptuously. The man has all along better known his own mind. Through all its changes he has had a consistent notion of doing the best for himself—a consideration to which the woman's craving for conquest has possibly blinded her. Hence the false lover's course has been a more comprehensible and reasonable affair than the flirt's, and his delinquency more reducible to a pecuniary standard, and appraisable by a jury. In one obvious respect, besides the deeper social injury, his sin is beyond comparison the greater, as being more gratuitous. He has had the power of selection, and time to deliberate; with the lady it is now or never, and she may be surprised and flattered into a consent immediately repented of. But, on the other hand, the man has one temptation to treachery in a far greater degree than comes to women. He is tried by change—change of place, of circumstances, of station in life—all bringing an army of opposing influences of which few people know the force till they are tried. Thus a man engages himself with many a vow of eternal fidelity, and emigrates to the colonies. It may require an exceptional constancy to keep his word at the antipodes, where life perhaps alternates between absolute solitude or, when he comes upon female society, an easy intimacy of intercourse to which our manners offer no parallel.

The officer at country quarters used to be the typical inconstant and breaker of hearts, the man "who loves and rides away." We are not sure that we may not now divide this evil fame with the curates, and for the same reason—the trial brought about by change. One consequence of admitting a different social class into the Church will be a countless number of breaches of promise. It is so already. A young man—and these ambitious young fellows are all in a hurry to begin life—engages himself to a pretty girl of his own class. Something puts it into his head to enter the Church, to which there are so many side entrances in these days. His *fiancée*, between pride in him and the prospect of personal advancement, is delighted. He scrambles into some miserable snattering of learning, and is ordained to a curacy. Here somebody asks him to dinner or to tea. For the first time in his life he finds himself in a drawing-room, and sees ladies in company array. Shy, awkward, and loutish as he seems, his spirit is all agog; a new world opens to him; he perceives at once that he has thrown himself away. Nothing seems impossible to a man who has begun a career, and cast off something of his old slough; it is the season for the very intoxication of vanity. His first love is despised in his eyes; she is a hindrance and a stumbling-block; but for her he might make some great match. In this temper he can easily find some

adviser to press on him the duty of not making a fool of himself, and the rest follows as a matter of course. But, independently of obvious temptations of this sort, and where there is no social advancement or novelty of scene to account for them, there has always been an especially clerical form of jilting. The fact is that honour and simple good faith—virtues of natural religion—are the real guardians of constancy; and where nature and conscience teach us our duties with sufficient clearness, men have no right whatever to turn their backs upon these counsellors, under the pretence of seeking a higher guidance. Revelation was given to supplement, not to supersede. But certainly the world has all along allowed to religious teachers a wide license in this particular. A man's usefulness, or a higher vocation, have been pleaded as justifications in cases where simple laymen would have met with hard measure, and have even gained him credit as evidences of self-denial. It was a very extreme case where mediæval saints left their wives to shut themselves up in monasteries; but all orders and sects have their instances where the tie, if not of marriage, yet of solemn betrothal, has been held light in comparison of more spiritual duties; and nobody has thought much of all the grief and desolation incident to the suffering and passive victims in these boasted sacrifices. This is the weak side of real enthusiasm, for we are not speaking solely of cases where it is used as a specious veil.

The treachery under discussion increases so much with the social standing of the actors, and with their opportunities for refinement, that our judgment must be guided by these considerations. In the uneducated classes, where there is little delicacy of manners or nicety of discrimination—where, as it seems, one companion does very nearly as well as another, and a lost love can be replaced by another at the shortest notice—the grave sin of jilting must dwindle into a peccadillo. The less subtle the link that binds, the slighter the obligation. Of course it is quite possible for our housemaid to be jilted in as crushing and blighting a sense as our daughter or sister, but experience teaches us that our sympathy may safely wait for facts before it overflows in the same measure. There are some loves, in all classes, of as low an organization as certain forms of animal life. Cut them in two, with however effectual a snap of the shears, and new tails and budding horns presently assure us of the vitality of the severed members; or, in other words, there will simply be two couples where before there was one. Nobody really jilts another, in any harsh sense of the word, who does not sin against the respectable public opinion of his class; but, on the other hand, that society must be in an elementary or demoralized condition where this rudest form of inconstancy is not regarded as a grave offence, not only to the individual sufferer, but to the circle in which it has been committed, as a breach of public duty, as inflicting a wound on that pure and simple good faith which is the foundation of all social credit and honour.

THE USE OF BODILY PAIN.

A DEBATE took place in the House of Lords on Monday night, on the Bill for altering the punishment of rape, which raised a most interesting general question. It has been proposed, and it appears probable that the proposal will become law, to superadd the punishment of flogging—as often, if the Judge thinks proper, as three times—to that which is already inflicted for this crime; and the House of Lords not only adopted this view, but, by substituting the word “shall” for the word “may,” rendered it compulsory to pass this sentence. Lord Cranworth observed that, instead of legislating for particular crimes, he should “much prefer a more general view of the question.” The same subject was lately discussed before the Legislative Council of India, where the general introduction of flogging as a punishment for crime was advocated by Mr. Maine with conspicuous ability, in a speech which directed against the commonplaces about “brutalizing” punishments arguments that are less unfamiliar to the readers of the *Saturday Review* than they appear to have been to the audience which he addressed. Mr. Maine's speech carried the day in India; and the Bill in question, together with that which inflicts the same punishment on garroters, shows that the public is at last beginning to open its eyes to the fact that the indulgence of a nervous horror at the infliction of sharp bodily pain is at once a pernicious and an expensive luxury.

We propose to offer some observations both on the remark which was made by Lord Cranworth and on the particular measure which gave rise to it. All legal punishment is, no doubt, meant to deter people from crime, but how does this deterrent power act? It acts, to some extent, by the immediate terror which it produces in the mind of a man who is meditating a criminal act. “If I do this I shall be hung, flogged, sent into penal servitude, &c., therefore I will not do it.” Obvious as these thoughts are, there is no doubt much truth in the observation that, when a man has determined on committing a crime, or is violently tempted to commit one by some sudden passion, they are not likely to exert much influence over him. He has not time to give them their proper weight. There is, however, another and a more subtle, though a not less powerful, way in which punishment deters from crime. We all act far more on feeling than on calculation, and our feelings are, to a great extent, the creatures of association. There is a degree of infamy connected with the very names of “thief,” “murderer,” “forger,” “coiner,” and the like, which powerfully impresses the imagination; and this infamy is in a great degree derived from the fact that they are associated with

degradation, punishment, public disapproval, and the like. A remarkable illustration is to be found in the word “felon.” It was so long associated with the notion of capital punishment that to this day a felony is viewed as something essentially different from, and more disgraceful than, a mere misdemeanour, though the difference between them is often imperceptible, as in the cases of theft and obtaining goods by false pretences. The reason why legal punishment affixes this peculiar infamy to particular words is, that it is felt to be the emphatic expression of public detestation and condemnation. Few men would be so hardened as to commit a great crime before a number of indignant witnesses, even if they knew that they were neither to be prevented from doing it nor punished for having done it. Legal punishment is an emphatic expression of public indignation, and the dread of it daunts many a man who hovers on the boundaries of crime, by acting through his sympathies. Many a person would commit murder, although he might know that there was a great chance that he himself would afterwards be murdered in revenge. The prospect of being put to death deliberately by impartial people, amidst the execrations of the world at large, is a very different thing. It is the most emphatic and solemn expression of the public hatred of an awful crime, and few people can endure that load. “I shall die like a dog for this,” was the cry of a wretched man the other day, on his apprehension for shooting his father and mother. “If I had thought about being hung at the time I should not have killed her,” was Townley's observation on his crime, though he was cool enough when the prospect of death was before him.

The true reason why violent, impressive, emphatic punishments are so effective is, that they show that the public have a strong decisive feeling upon the crimes for which they are inflicted. They are meant to gratify the desire of vengeance—a lawful, natural, and most useful feeling, so long as it is kept within proper bounds, and one which daunts and cowers (as no doubt it was intended to daunt and cower) offenders against morals and good order. Let any one who doubts this recall his own experiences as a schoolboy. Why did we dread a punishment felt as disgraceful, and so intended? Not for the sake of the pain, but because it was an appropriate expression of that disgust and indignation which every one fears, and ought to fear when it is just. The greatest rogue stands rebuked and abashed before an angry man who does well to be angry. The vilest of the species have consciences, and they quail and cringe before the indignation which they know to be right and good.

This shows what class of offences ought to be punished by physical pain. The infliction of such pain is the most emphatic form of expressing anger, and the most compendious and appropriate way of gratifying a lawful and healthy desire for revenge. It is, therefore, the appropriate punishment for offences which excite that feeling. There are many offences which we punish without a very lively anger against the offender. Theft, and dishonesty in general, are not as a rule, and on the first offence, the result of unruly passions inimical to society at large. They are not in the nature of acts of war, which excite our hatred against the offender. They are as often as not the result of criminal weakness, or of a sort of perverted dexterity. The offences for which flogging is appropriate are, for the most part, offences against the person, offences which create personal disgust and indignation. All sexual crimes come under this head; so, as the Legislature has already decided, does robbery with violence; so ought extortion by threats, one of the most hateful enormities that the mind of man can conceive; so ought assaults upon women and children for other than sexual purposes. Of crimes against property, arson is perhaps the only one for which it would be desirable to flog under any circumstances. At present, a rascally tramp who wants to be provided for gets a halfpenny box of lucifers, sets a farm-yard in a blaze, and destroys property worth thousands of pounds, smilingly gives himself up to the police, pleads guilty at the assizes, and walks off to penal servitude with the easy satisfaction of a man who has provided himself with a comfortable refuge for several years at all events. A year's (real) hard labour, and a flogging every three months, would be quite another matter. There is one other offence which deserves flogging, and probably not more than one, and that is the mutilation of animals. Payment in kind is always a good rule, and nothing is more likely to teach a cruel brute the real enormity of his guilt than a practical acquaintance with physical pain. If by a general Act the punishment of flogging were extended to some or all of these offences, we should probably see a considerable diminution in the worst class of crimes, and, at all events, we should have the satisfaction of knowing that those who committed them were really and emphatically punished. We should also gain the great point of introducing something like a classification according to the guilt of the acts punished, into our criminal system.

There are, however, some observations which ought to be made on the other side. The House of Lords appears to us to have been mistaken in making the punishment of rape by flogging compulsory on the Judges. There ought in all cases to be a discretionary power, and if the power existed in no other case it ought to exist in this instance. Few people are aware of the extent of the discretion as to punishment which the law confers upon the Judges, and probably fewer still are acquainted with the way in which they came to be intrusted with that discretion. The discretion is so wide that, in almost all serious cases, the Court can give any amount of punishment, from penal servitude for life down to a day's imprisonment with or without hard labour. The reason is that, under the old system of criminal legislation—a system confused and fragmentary beyond conception—

minimum punishments were provided in nearly every case. The Acts used to run—"any term of transportation not less than seven or ten years;" and the consequence was that any crime which fell within the definition was visited at least with the minimum punishment, although the circumstances might be such as to render that punishment unjustifiably severe. At present there is only one case in which a minimum punishment has been imposed by the Legislature. There is an offence for which ten years' penal servitude must be given, though the attempt to commit it may be, and often is, punished with a few months' imprisonment. No one who knows how wide a net is cast by every legal definition of a crime can regret this. It constantly happens that facts fall within the definition which it would be absurd to visit with the full rigour of the law. Many an act of burglary, for instance, is substantially no more than a petty larceny. A man opens a door which is on the latch at half-past five on a bright summer morning, and steals a loaf of bread from the kitchen table. This is burglary, and might be punished by transportation for life, but three months' imprisonment would be rather a severe sentence for such an act. As nothing shocks the public more deeply or more justly than an act of severity due to a technicality, and as nothing is more essential to the efficiency of the criminal law than its substantial coincidence with the moral feelings of the public at large, it is of the highest importance to prevent these shocks to public feeling, and large experience has shown that the discretion left in the hands of the Judges effectually answers this purpose. *Prima facie*, then, it is unwise to divest them of it in this instance, and more particularly is this the case when the punishment to be introduced is one which, if not managed with great tact, will certainly excite much popular indignation. If by bad luck people are flogged whose conduct is not considered by the public deserving of flogging, it will be found impossible to sustain the punishment itself. If it is applied with discretion in cases which shock the public feelings, it will probably be not only efficient but popular.

These general principles are perhaps more applicable to the case of rape than to any other crime whatever. The matter is one which it is not pleasant to discuss, but on which it is a duty to speak plainly. There are rapes for which no punishment, not death itself, would, in our judgment, be at all too severe. Penal servitude for life, with three severe floggings on the first three anniversaries of the crime, is, if anything, too little for a man who commits a real rape; but there are many cases in which, while it is impossible to say that the woman consented, it is equally impossible to say that the man has committed a crime which provokes any of that just desire for revenge which the use of brutal violence does and ought to call forth. There are cases in which the woman perhaps does not know herself whether she consents or not, and in which, either from discovery, the fear of discovery, or as a sort of refuge from the reproaches of her own conscience, she says, and perhaps persuades herself, that she did not consent. They are, in short, cases rather of forcible seduction, if such a phrase may be coined, than rape. When a case is tried there is no sort of difficulty in deciding to which of the two classes it belongs, but it would be impossible to frame a definition which would include the one class and exclude the other, and for this reason it is most important that the discretion which the Judges at present have as to the punishment should not be altered. To flog in a bad case is as important as not to flog in a slight or doubtful one. It must also be remembered that the crime is one in which further inquiry often discloses the innocence of the person convicted, but a flogging is an irremissible punishment, and it would be a bad thing to have to pardon a man on the ground of his innocence of a crime for which he had been flogged. Allow the Judges to sentence a man to be flogged where great guilt is clearly proved, but let them pass a lighter sentence where the fault is small or the evidence not altogether satisfactory. With these precautions the Bill before the House of Lords will be a decided improvement to the law; without them, we fear its application will produce a reaction against the sound principles on which it proceeds.

THE SORROWS OF MR. SOUTHEY.

THE recent charge of assault brought by Mrs. Maria Ann White against Lord Dudley was not one calculated to excite much general interest. It did not even amount to a scandal—no doubt very much to the disappointment of many a hater of the aristocracy, who, reading the first announcement of the case, of course anticipated delightful confirmatory evidence of the truth of his darling theory, and then found to his disgust that the Sacred Cause of Liberty had been served to a very limited extent by the establishment of the fact that an Earl's whiskers had been pulled by a lady of, to say the least, doubtful character. But out of this case there has cropped a romance which, if not interesting, is curious. Those who read the report may recollect that Southey was the name under which the lady entangled herself in Earl Dudley's whiskers; but the law—which now declines to wink at fictions of any sort—with a reprehensible thirst for mere truth, elicited the fact that the poetical title of Southey was not one which the lady was justified in using on bill, quittance, affidavit, or summons, being indeed only that of a gentleman with whom she was living in adultery.

This gentleman has now put forth a statement of his case. The grounds on which he demands sympathy are simple. He began life as a libertine, settled down as a professional gambler, and is

now living with another man's wife. For these services to society he conceives himself to have a claim on his fellow-creatures in general, and on Earl Dudley in particular. This is Mr. Southey's story translated into that bald, unimaginative language called plain English. Told in his own words, it expands into a highly ornate narrative, occupying nearly a column and a half of the *Daily Telegraph* of Monday last. If for no other reason, it is worth study as a proof of the power of language, but it is not merely as an instance of the art of putting things that we call attention to it here. There is at least one part of Mr. Southey's statement which we entirely believe. He says that what he has suffered has made him, "who was a common man, uncommon;" and this description of himself is shown to be true at the very outset of the recital of his wrongs. A commonplace man, with such a task before him, would most likely have led off in the elaborate essay style—"The practice of virtue has always been enjoined by the wise and good in all ages and countries," &c. &c., or something to that effect. But Mr. Southey knew the importance of riveting the attention of his audience at the very beginning. Just as the Ancient Mariner begins abruptly with "There was a ship," Mr. Southey plunges at once into his narrative:—"In almost boyish years I met with one who was poor and delicate, educated and unprovided for. For these reasons I resolved to shield her from the world." Unfortunately, however, his motives, as too often happens in the case of the pure and high-minded, were misunderstood by those about him (who seem to have been persons quite incapable of appreciating a lofty purpose), and Mr. Southey's reputation and position in life appear to have suffered considerably from this step. Disgusted with the obstinate blindness of the world, his faith in goodness and truth shaken, he "sought in frivolous diversion to escape consciousness of everything, and billiards came to complete his ruin":—

I had now (he says) fallen to the bottom, and all this the result of an ill-balanced judgment of the obligations of human life. I felt that my life was irremediably ruined and worthless, but for the sake of that one who still loved, trusted, and (knowing me well) respected me, I resolved to make some reparation to her, who was now the mother of my children. A first wrong is like the letting out of water. Sternly resolved, I now sought suitable employment, day after day, but in vain, and at last, without a penny in the world, I resolved to use for my redemption what had helped to my ruin—billiards. I reasoned that I could therein show to men of position and power that I was governed by principles and aims which were worthy of better employment, and I then engaged to conduct a billiard establishment.

But the same hard fate still followed him. He seems to have been born to be misunderstood. As his acquaintances put a false construction on his disinterested conduct in the first instance, so now men of position and power in general refused to be persuaded that he was governed by any principles except those so ably expounded by Colonel Rawdon Crawley, or that his aims were directed at anything higher than pockets and cannons. Some few there were, he says, who used efforts in his behalf; but their efforts, no doubt from a want of position and power, were of no particular service. He derives a gloomy satisfaction from the reflection that he had gained respect, and that the first men in Glasgow would shake hands with him. But still those whom he had hoped to influence were unable to see the nobility of his character through the medium of billiards, and experience having at length shown him that adroitness in this fascinating game is not universally held to be proof positive of the possession of the higher moral qualities, he determined to lower his aspirations somewhat and turn his skill to a more prosaic and, in a pecuniary sense, more profitable end:—

Knowing that rich men play at billiards, as at rifle-shooting or other sports, for stakes, which, if fairly won, at least reflects no dishonour, and believing the end justified the means, I entered into competitions of this nature, pitting my small means and skill against the advantages of my opponents with varying success and failure.

In fact, from being a stationary billiard "conductor" with a highly moral purpose, he became an itinerant professional player, with the highly practical purpose of getting as much out of rich amateurs as possible. In the course of his professional travels he met with Lord Dudley's brother, who no doubt seemed to him to be the kind of person he was in search of, and out of this meeting arose the claim which produced the little difficulty already referred to:—

At Kentfield's Subscription-room, Brighton, where I was known, I met the Hon. Dudley Ward. He was playing with a solicitor whom he knew, and with whom he had often contended before. I made a wager with him of five shillings upon the game, and he lost to me in all 122l. He then contested with me, and altogether raised my claim to 1,172l. I should have previously stated that at the commencement of the games he proposed an agreement that all losses should be paid before leaving the room, to which I acceded. Upon being applied to a fortnight after the occurrence, he sent a letter to say that he could not pay then, but would as soon as he was able. Two months afterwards, being pressed for payment and not being able, he repudiated the debt. I then offered to allow the matter to be arbitrated by two noblemen, to which he did not even deign a reply. I went home the night that I had won this contest thanking God that at last I had gained the power to carry out the purpose of my life—that I should be able to employ means less unbecoming to my tastes and perceptions—that my life would no longer be a lie—that in living out my better nature I might still be of use to the world as well as to myself. The disappointment came upon me with all the force and effects which circumstances gave to it—it broke me utterly down.

Mr. Southey's fervent gratitude to Heaven and subsequent prostration require some explanation. The fact is, his chivalrous disposition, his devotion to lovely woman in distress, had by this time involved him in a fresh entanglement. A few weeks before, he had met "a lady whose extremely agitated manner

showed that she was suffering great mental distress. She had four young children, and only 2s. 6d. in her possession, was in debt, and had already sinned to get them bread, as a mother should not. She had left her home intending never to return, and feeling that further life would only end in greater sin and disgrace, was going to the pier—"not to drown herself (Mr. Southey's mind is too elegant to allow him to put it in that way), but—to escape existence." This lady was Mrs. White, the complainant, who subsequently described herself as separated from her husband, and in proof showed "what purported to be a deed of separation." In a case of this sort, what was a man of Mr. Southey's sentiments to do? There was only one course open to him. "I saved her," he says, "as I should expect my sister to be saved by any honourable man finding her in such a position." Mr. Southey's expectations as to the kind of salvation likely to be extended to his sister are moderate. His protecting instincts once more asserted themselves, he shielded her from the world, and in return "she shared his disappointment, gave him sympathy and affection, and in the end he found that he could not forsake her without sinning over again the sin of his early years." Then, the affair with the Hon. Dudley Ward opportunely turning up, he "entered into union with this lady, with the understanding that our lives were at issue upon the settlement of my claim." He does not make it clear that the first lady he had undertaken to shield was still under his protection; but at any rate he had his children to consider, and the second lady—his "more than wife" as he calls her, probably to distinguish her from the first—"shared his ardent wish for success, inspired also by love for her children." They had in fact clubbed families, and "these united motives, and our desperate position, gave courage for this unpleasant duty, and nerved a delicate woman for one last effort." The last effort of the delicate woman was what has been referred to—an attempt to deprive the head of the House of Dudley of its hirsute appendages.

As to the Hon. Dudley Ward's share in this business, there is not much to be said beyond this, that, supposing by some chance—for chance will sometimes affect even the calculations of a Southey—the saddle had been on the other horse, and that Mr. Southey had lost instead of winning, it is by no means probable that he could have paid his debt any more than his honourable antagonist. As to Lord Dudley, if he had been fool enough to recognise this most monstrous claim, he would have deserved to pay a fine for his folly at least equal to the demand made; and as to Mr. Southey, his impudence, considered as successful impudence, would have fairly earned what it had got.

As regards the public in general, the only point worth notice is the unparalleled effrontery of Mr. Southey. With a confidence in the power of fine language which is to some extent justified by the popular literature of the day, he has treated us to the autobiography of an utterly unprincipled adventurer, and founded upon it, if words have any meaning, a claim to be considered a deserving object for sympathy and charity. He coolly asks "society to fulfil its duty to him." He submits "his position to the world, in the belief that any man in desperate extremity is justified in calling upon his fellow-man for aid." To come down from fine language to plain English, what is this desperate extremity? He has entangled himself with two women, and has a gambling claim which has proved unsatisfactory. But, so powerfully does this position affect the sensitive Mr. Southey, he more than once is driven to declare that life is not worth holding under such a tenure. He believes he has "but a few days left to finish his work"; his troubles, he says, have brought him "to within a few days of the close of his life." This sounds very harrowing. But, for our own part, we believe that Mr. Southey's life is, for insurance purposes, as good as that of any man of his age; and, in point of fact, we cannot shake off the idea that, so far from contemplating death, Mr. Southey is at this moment, as we write, heartily enjoying ten and chops in the bosom of his two—or it may be now three—families, hopeful and cheerful, and trusting with simple faith to the morrow to bring forth a noble gent. no less confident in his play or uncertain in his execution, but more solvent, than the Hon. Dudley Ward.

THE POPE'S LAST BRIEF.

IT is the misfortune of the clerical world that they are rarely able to understand that a victory is sometimes more damaging to the conquerors than to the defeated. Bused especially with two great subjects—the Bible and human nature—it is hard to say of which of the two they are practically the most ignorant. In a certain sense, no doubt, they know them both thoroughly well. They can quote the Bible, and preach from it, and employ its detached phrases for the support of their special views, while critically they no more understand it than they understand anatomy or the building of steam-engines. And so with human nature. They have their views about it as a whole—views chiefly founded on traditional dogmas, slightly modified by a personal intercourse with the sick poor. They are sufficiently conversant with its foibles to know how to touch the soft-hearted and soft-headed in their congregations. They are familiar with certain of its emotional aspects, and with the conventionalisms which it delights to employ on all matters of religious interest. But of human nature as it is in itself, of its real sources of strength and weakness, they know little. There is an old saying that, of the three learned professions, the medical alone sees men and women as they are.

To the doctors the heart lays itself bare in all its faults and all its virtues; but the lawyers see only people's vices, and the clergy their hypocrisies. Especially is this the case with the Roman clergy. The power with which the Roman creed and practical system works upon certain minds deludes the priesthood into a belief that human nature is fairly represented by the class that loves the confessional, and that attributes to the clergy an exemption from human ignorance and frailties. Whatever affects the opinions of persons of this type they conceive to be equally efficacious with sincere or hesitating Christians in general. Beyond their experience of the minds of their personal adherents, human nature is an unexplored territory. The confessional, often supposed to furnish the priesthood with a knowledge of humanity elsewhere unattainable, is in reality a most prolific source of deception. A union of unconscious hypocrisy with sincerity of intention is probably the condition of mind in which nine-tenths of all Roman Catholics, men and women, profess to unbosom themselves to their "spiritual director." The relative positions of confessor and "penitent" are so thoroughly artificial that the penitent can scarcely do otherwise than present a most partial, or distorted, or exaggerated picture of his thoughts and character. The Divine Creator has made it impossible for any one to lay his mind really bare to any fellow-creature, and the attempt to do so ends only in one universal deception. The weak, the enthusiastic, and the timid alone strive to be thoroughly open and unreserved; but weakness, enthusiasm, and timidity are the last sources to which we should look for an unveiling of the hidden mystery of human life. To the misleadings of the confessional we must, in fact, look for an explanation of the amazing inability of the Roman clergy to comprehend the movements of modern intelligence, and the obstinacy with which they cling to methods of promoting orthodoxy which can only result in the further diminution of their influence over the understandings of mankind. Hence, too, their strange ignorance of the difference between a real and an apparent victory. They never know when to strike and when to hold their hand. They cannot distinguish between an adversary and a friend—between the personal fancies of an individual speculator and the movements of universal humanity. They are ever centuries behind their age, and caricature the extreme Conservatism and Toryism of English politicians. The lesson taught by Galileo is still unlearned, and to this day they have but one idea—the repression of individual opinion and the extension of the range of ecclesiastical authority over the whole domain of human thought.

A notable example of this habitual incapacity has been supplied by a Brief lately issued by the Pope on that conflict between science and theology which distracts Catholicism and Protestantism alike. The Brief has, moreover, a certain special interest in this country, because its immediate result has been the extinction of incomparably the best literary organ of English Roman Catholicism. The facts of the case are sufficiently curious to call for notice as an illustration of the identity of the clerical spirit in all churches, and they may serve to suggest what would be the fate of Anglican heretics if Bishops, and not lawyers, were masters of the situation. The Brief in question originated as follows. For a long time past it appears that the undeniable learning, ability, and liberality of a large number of the Catholic theologians of Germany have found small favour with the dominant party in Rome, represented especially in the ordinary ecclesiastical tribunals which there sit and rule, or try to rule, the Catholic world. The dislike of the Italian Ultramontanes to their German brethren has been repaid by a scarcely concealed contempt for the methods, the acquirements, and the intolerance of the Roman schools. Unenlightened by the vivifying influences of a learned Protestantism such as that which presses the German Catholics on every side and stimulates them to fresh labours in their own defence, the Italian priesthood remain as ignorant as ever of the irresistible force which lies hid in the critical and scientific school of modern days. With them, the mediæval scholasticism is still the one divinely authorised instrument of reasoning, and the reduction of individual freedom of opinion to the lowest of limits is still the only approved arm of defence against heresy. While the German theologians insist upon the essential distinction between dogmas decreed by the universal Church, on the one hand, and the opinions of the schools and the decrees of the Congregation of the Index on the other, Rome insists upon destroying the distinction in actual practice. She does not dare to assert that it is "heresy" to refuse belief to anything beyond the decrees of Trent, but she anathematizes as morally guilty of disobedience to divine authority all those who reject the glosses and interpretations which she, by her tribunals, pleases to put upon Church dogmas, or who adopt any philosophic methods which she chooses to condemn as non-Catholic in their tendencies. Between the two systems it is obvious that there is a fundamental and irreconcilable contradiction. The Roman claim is logically identical with the most extravagant pretensions to rule mankind in all their thoughts, words, and acts, political, social, and religious, ever put forth by an Innocent or a Hildebrand.

This antagonism between the Roman and the German view could not be long without bearing its natural fruit. Occasionally, philosophers and theologians were, as it is termed, condemned by Rome, and either submitted or separated from the Roman communion. But these were individual instances. Last autumn, however, a move was made by a large number of divines of unquestionable orthodoxy and even of moderately Ultramontane principles, which filled the Roman powers with more

serious apprehensions. Under the presidency of Dr. Döllinger, the first theologian in Germany, a Congress met, and discussed the whole question of the relationship between theology and science in an unmistakably liberal and modern spirit. The Pope took the alarm at once, but was quieted by the address adopted at the Congress and by the report of the Archbishop of Munich. Nevertheless, before the year was out, he addressed a Brief to the Archbishop, in which he claims for scholastic and received theological opinions, and for the decisions of the Roman tribunals, the same absolute obedience which, in theory, is demanded only for the express dogmas of Trent. In fact, he urges onwards that open antagonism between scientific discovery and traditional or canonical opinions which was forced upon Galileo three hundred years ago. The whole proceeding is precisely that of the Bishop of Oxford in convocation in respect to *Essays and Reviews*, when he demanded obedience, not only to the written formularies of the Church, but to the interpretation put upon them by the assembled ecclesiastics of the day.

What may be the results of this new phase of the theory of development it is of course impossible to foresee. But it is clear that the Pope is playing with a two-edged sword. That excessive and increasing centralization which it has been the policy of Rome to encourage, and which has been fostered by the changes in modern society, is at once a source of strength and of decay. It creates for the time a uniformity which, though superficial, is yet to a certain extent real; but it is at the cost of its own life-blood. A more short-sighted policy than that which Pius IX. has been so ill-advised as to announce in his Brief it is difficult to conceive. But it is Roman to the very core. And it will no more stay the progress of thought within the Roman communion than the decree against Galileo stayed the course of the earth along its orbit through the heavens. Its first result has been, as we have said, the destruction of the one single organ of English Roman Catholic intelligence, learning, and advancement. Our columns have more than once referred to the *Home and Foreign Review* as presenting a striking contrast to the ordinary run of Catholic periodical literature. Its history and the circumstances of its death are sufficiently significant as a warning to those who, whether in the English or the Roman Church, attempt to conciliate a dominant ecclesiastical authority by a union of loyalty with freedom. Shortly after the numerous secessions to Rome which took place now nearly twenty years ago, a few ardent converts, conceiving that the true cultivation of liberty of thought might be combined with strict orthodoxy, if not in Anglicanism at least in their new home, established a magazine based upon this idea, with the applause and support of a large body of the old Catholics, both lay and clerical. The new journal soon made itself a name, won a position, and unquestionably exercised a powerful influence on the opinions of English Catholicism. As a natural consequence of its success and of its independence and boldness of tone, by degrees it fell into ill odour both with those whom it alarmed and those who found in it an awkward competitor for public favour. As it grew more pointedly liberal and scientific, various unavailing efforts were made to obtain an official condemnation of sundry of its articles; and the *Dublin Review*, then in a moribund state under the editorship of Cardinal Wiseman, published an elaborate and vehement attack on its character and the motives of its contributors. From the first, the magazine, with whatever vagaries and inconsistencies, had been a living protest against clericalism, obscurantism, and administrative despotism; and at length, some two years ago, it attained the unprecedented distinction of being denounced by the whole Roman Catholic Episcopate of England. Finally, it presented itself to the world as a Quarterly under the title of the *Home and Foreign Review*, avowing its difficulties, but maintaining its intention of uniting the strictest orthodoxy and loyalty to Rome with an adhesion to the interests of scientific discovery and criticism. It is little to say that, in its new form, no publication so creditable to the acquirements and good taste of English Roman Catholics had been seen before, and it bade fair to obtain a more than respectable position among the periodicals of the time. Then suddenly appears this Papal Brief, written last December, but only just published, formally disowning and condemning the principles which the *Review* avows, though without reference to any but German affairs. Its conductors at once see that the game is up. They retain their opinions, they do not affect to acquiesce in the Pope's views, but they sacrifice their *Review* to its principles, wrap their garments around them, and submit to the fatal blow. In a manly, respectful, and self-respecting paper, signed by the Editor, Sir John Acton (the member for Carlisle), they withdraw from the unequal fight, confident in the ultimate success of their principles, but retaining their Roman orthodoxy, and believing that their writings were "a partial and temporary embodiment of an imperishable idea, the faint reflection of a light which still lives and burns in the hearts of the silent thinkers of the Church."

Such is the last move of Rome, and such its first consequence on the most intelligently loyal of her sons in England. Thus the field of Roman Catholic literature is once more left clear for the *Tablet*, the *Weekly Register*, and the *Dublin Review*; and the narrowest Ultramontanist, untroubled and unhindered, may combine with fanatical intolerance and feeble subservience to exhibit to the world the practical results of an effete and conservative dogmatic despotism. That this last Brief will prove one of the most suicidal that ever emanated from Rome it is impossible to doubt, though its effects may not be immediately manifest. The belief in the duty of obedience to the living authority is so deeply

seated in the Roman Catholic mind that the consequences of the most outrageous abuses of that authority are rarely such as Protestants anticipate. Except under the strongest and clearest convictions, the dread of a self-inflicted excommunication is, moreover, so powerful with practically religious Catholics, that they will submit to almost any logical inconsistency of profession rather than break with the communion to which they are attached. Violent is the rending by which minds devoted to the Church of England burst away from its borders under the pressure of irresistible belief. But still more radical and terrible is the tearing away of all that the heart has loved which accompanies an honest, though enforced, departure from the Roman body. We must not therefore expect many striking and immediately visible effects from this last Papal Brief. But at the same time it cannot fail to compel all thinking and courageous Roman Catholics to face the dreaded alternative from which so many shrink, and to ask themselves whether a claim to infallibility, which in practice inevitably leads to an abrogation of the first laws of human thought, can really be anything better than an untenable hypothesis, or a dream of the imagination.

COMMUTATION OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

THE conditions, or rather the absence of conditions, under which capital punishment is commuted, and seems to be in a fair way to be abolished altogether, were brought before Parliament in a temperate speech, by Lord Carnarvon, on Tuesday night. The cases on which the necessity of changing the present practice was urged were the familiar ones of Jessie M'Lachlan, Townley, Wright, and George Hall. Taken together, they seem to exhaust the catalogue of pleas upon which an irresolute officer might be called upon to interpose, or not to interpose, the Royal prerogative of mercy in favour of convicted murderers. The cases of Jessie M'Lachlan and George Hall represent the force of strongly-expressed sentiment, mis-called public opinion, when brought to bear upon a timid and squeezable person like the present Home Secretary. Wright's case, who was hanged, is an instance of the same timidity oscillating to the severe side; and Victor Townley's escape from the gallows illustrates not so much the evils of a bad law, which is now repealed, as the sort of danger which is incurred by leaving the power of life and death to any authority, however respectable, which is entrusted with the duty of applying what are called moral considerations to legal facts. In defending Sir George Grey, the Lord Chancellor surrendered the whole principle upon which the existing practice goes. His argument seems to come to this:—There must be some supreme authority in which is inherent, as a matter of prerogative, the right to revise—and, if need be, to reverse—a conviction for murder. This assumption is based, we suppose, on the metaphorical axiom that the Crown is the fountain of mercy. But, proceeds the Chancellor, in a Constitutional Monarchy the exercise of this prerogative depends on the advice of a responsible Minister. That Minister may be, or rather must be, either an austere man or a lenient man, an iron man or an inconsistent man. Therefore it is impossible, as things are, but that the exercise of the prerogative should be capricious. As to the cases themselves, of which so much has been said, some people may think Sir George Grey was right, some that he was wrong. "I myself," the Chancellor goes on to say, "advised him in more than one of these cases. Opinions may differ as to the way in which he, or we, acted." It may be quite true that in one famous instance—that of George Hall—the course which Sir George Grey solemnly announced would be of the most dangerous consequence to society he actually took within thirty-six hours after he had dilated on its dangers and evils. But, be all this as it may, "to administer the present law otherwise would be impossible." Nothing, the Chancellor goes on to admit, can be worse than the present state of things. The Secretary of State is "in the position of a Court of Criminal Appeal, but one, at the same time, constructed in the worst of all possible ways. There are no certain rules laid down for his guidance, and the decision depends in a good measure on the character of the individual. Nothing can be more unsatisfactory than to have the decisions of courts of justice set aside on grounds of the nature of which the public is ignorant, and the sufficiency of which there are no means of ascertaining." This is the peculiar backing of one's friends of which the present Chancellor is so great a master; and there is, of course, a good deal in it. The objections urged against the existing practice have been often stated, but never in a more summary and compact form than by Lord Westbury. We only regret that one who feels the existing evil so strongly is baffled by the problem of devising a remedy. He owns that he has found no solution for it—chiefly, however, on the pedantic ground that there neither exists nor can be constructed any accurate and philosophical classification of murder. Arrange your possible murders into classes, and then assign by Act of Parliament specific punishments to each class, and perhaps you may get an approximation to the limit which ought to be put on the present discretion of the Home Secretary.

With this full and unanswerable admission of the evils under which we suffer it may seem to be capacious to offer any remarks on the Lord Chancellor's speech. But, as regards his defence of Sir George Grey, one observation at least occurs. Lord Westbury seems to think that Sir George Grey, or the like of Sir George Grey, is inevitable, and that in the general economy of things we must make up our minds to him or to a like-minded successor. We do not see this imperious necessity. We can quite understand

a good working world not directed by Sir George Grey. He is not an exhaustive standard. He is not the human type—not even the model or standard Secretary. Would Lord Westbury argue that a hanging Judge or a maudlin Judge is the only possible occupant of the judicial bench? that we have no moral alternative between a Jefferies and an old lady? We conceive a just Judge to be quite possible, and a wise and prudent Home Secretary to be no violent improbability. We quite agree with Sir George Grey's candid friend and apologist about the necessity of some sort of tribunal to relieve the Home Secretary from his present duty in the matter of the commutation of capital punishment; but there are Home Secretaries who have got through their work, difficult though it is, without four such cases as those of Jessie McLachlan, Wright, Townley, and Hall. What we complain of is, that Sir George Grey has not only an invidious office to discharge, but that he discharges it very badly. A sterner nature is one thing, and a gentler disposition is another; but Sir George Grey is both, either, neither, as the fit is on him. The complaint is not that Sir George Grey is over lenient or over strict, but that he is capricious, and open to influences which a just and prudent man should set his face against. Lord Westbury, to be sure, says that in Hall's case he advised the letter which declined to commute the capital sentence, but that he is also glad that Hall was not hanged. We do not observe that the Chancellor goes so far as to say that he likewise advised the commutation, though he very pointedly observes that the language of the first letter to the Birmingham petitioners—that is, the letter declaring that any interference with the sentence would be fraught with consequences most injurious to society—was his, Lord Westbury's, "being perhaps firmer in his opinion than his right honourable friend." This only shows that there are two persons open to the most dangerous of appeals—that of so-called public opinion in criminal cases; or rather that one Minister is open to this terrorism, and that another is at least glad that it succeeded. Public opinion shot Admiral Byng; public opinion reprimed Jessie McLachlan. And the Home Secretary who is open to public opinion in any matter of life or death is just as likely to hang unjustly, if he has the power, as to reprieve unjustly when he is hard pressed.

A word or two about public opinion. It may be urged that there is an inconsistency in arguing that, although the Home Secretary ought to disregard public opinion, yet, in the constitution of any proposed Court of Criminal Appeal, we are to invoke public opinion by making the Court a public one. But there are two sorts of public opinion. All governments, all judges, all administrators must act under the wholesome control of public opinion. Public opinion and criticism are, after all, the best safeguards of justice. But this is educated, responsible, and scientific public opinion. The public opinion of the town of Birmingham, with its doctors, and parsons, and public meetings, and its monster petitions, or the public opinion of the Glasgow Baillies, set in motion very probably by fanatics and old ladies, is a very different thing from the public opinion which would be embodied in a judicial tribunal entrusted with the duty of advising the exercise of the Royal prerogative of mercy. And the law of England seems carefully to have provided against the undue influence of public opinion, at least on one side, in cases of murder. Murder is one of those things which are very apt to arouse an impulsive irrational prejudice on either side. If a prisoner says he cannot get a fair trial by reason of the great prejudice against him among his neighbours, the *venue* is changed. A man's neighbours are, in fact, the worst judges either for or against him. In such a case as that of Hall, Lord Westbury's own judgment, which he says was so very strong against commuting the sentence, was worth the whole public opinion of Birmingham, Edgbaston, and Wolverhampton put together. What we object to in revising judicial proceedings is not the influence of public opinion legitimately formed, but the influence of tumultuary public opinion. Nor do we see where this is to stop. The Chancellor says that, in Sir George Grey's place, everybody would have acted as Sir George Grey acted in repriming Hall. The Home Secretary was delighted to have the weight taken off his shoulders, and was quite pleased that his opinion was overborne by the importunities of those who signed the Birmingham petition. We see no reason, however, if this is the proper attitude of public opinion towards capital sentences, why every sentence passed by every judge should not be submitted to universal suffrage. In the discharge of his duty every judge has to do many painful things; but it is for this very purpose that he is made a judge. Sir George Grey does not exist for the purpose of decorating an arm-chair in Downing Street. He is Secretary of State, sworn to advise the Queen according to the law of England; he is not appointed and salaried merely to register the opinion of those who think that everybody hanged is a martyr, or that every scoundrel transported is a victim of society. And we must take the liberty of observing that Sir George Grey has thought proper to innovate, in some most material respects, on the practice of his predecessors in office. Not only do we say that the power of setting aside the Judge's sentence is one very improper to lodge in any Secretary of State, not only do we say that Sir George Grey exercises this power very badly, but we have to add that he exercises it under new conditions, and in a more arbitrary way, more as a matter of personal authority, than was ever done before. Being probably the most inefficient Secretary of State who ever filled the office, he is the first to have taken upon himself, as he did in Hall's case, the personal and sole responsibility of reversing a judicial

sentence, by flying not only in the face of his own opinion, but by acting against the expressed judgment of the first law officer in the land; and all this of his own mere whim, at his own caprice, and at the dictate of his own fluctuating mind. Hitherto the Secretary of State who has had to advise the Crown on the exercise of the prerogative of mercy has exercised his function in two cases only—namely, when the Judge has been dissatisfied with the verdict, or when new evidence has been alleged. In Hall's case no pretence was made, as it was even so lately as in Townley's case, of consulting the Judge; and far from the Birmingham memorialists affecting to allege new evidence, all that they did was to criticize and impugn the old evidence.

It may seem to be presumptuous to canvass Lord Westbury's difficulty in devising any satisfactory mode of relieving the Home Secretary from his present duties in the commutation of capital punishment; but when the Lord Chancellor says that what we want is a classification of murders, he very well knows that what he means is the extension of the class of manslaughter. Murder has been clearly defined by the English criminal law, and it is a single crime. It is homicide which is capable of classification, and admits of degrees. It has been divided into murder, manslaughter—which takes in all degrees of such abating provocation as the law admits—and justifiable homicide. Murder is wilful homicide with malice aforethought. This definition—we say it with all respect to Lord Westbury—we do not desire to see relinquished. We have no wish for any new classification of murders—a phrase which seems to be very illogical and contradictory—even though, as the Chancellor seems to wish, it should follow the French or American example. On the whole, we prefer our English, if unscientific, estimate of murder. It is not desirable to import a system which, on the one hand, should encourage the growth of Procureurs-Général who will convict a prisoner at any hazard, or which would introduce the "extenuating circumstances" which relieved Madame Laffarge from a visit to the scaffold. Still greater are our objections to any revision of the law of murder which might permit the medical gentlemen who believe in homicidal mania to have a hand in any new definition.

FARADAY AND OWEN ON SCHOOL-WORK.

AMONG the masses of heterogeneous matter contained in the Report of the Public Schools Commissioners, few portions can claim a higher value than the general evidence at the end of the fourth volume. This particular section of the evidence relates, not to the special condition or requirements of this or that school, but to the general question how far instruction in natural science or modern languages, or in both, may or ought to be engrafted on the public school system existing at present. Nine witnesses were cross-examined by the Commissioners, who certainly performed this portion of their task with an ability and discretion that deserve the gratitude of the public. Seven out of the nine are men of distinction in various departments of natural philosophy or history, and the names of Lyell, Faraday, Owen, and Airy throw lustre on the list. For the benefit of readers who entertain an aversion to the study of Blue-books, we propose in this paper to give a summary of the evidence of two of these witnesses—Professors Faraday and Owen.

Mr. Faraday's evidence is delivered with a freshness and almost a *brusquerie* that impart great life and vigour to his utterances. He begins by announcing himself as "not an educated man, according to the usual phraseology." He declines, therefore, to institute a comparison between languages and natural science as means of mental training, contenting himself for the most part with expressing amazement at the prevalent neglect of the latter. "That the natural knowledge," he says, "which has been given to the world in such abundance during the last fifty years should remain untouched, and that no sufficient attempt should be made to convey it to the young mind growing up and obtaining its first views of these things, is to me a matter so strange that I find it difficult to understand." Though declining, however, to draw a comparative estimate, in so many words, of a classical training and a training in what may be styled natural knowledge, Mr. Faraday makes no secret of the real impression in his mind with reference to the existing methods. And that impression is anything but a favourable one. Having regard to the faculty of "right judgment"—the power of analysing cause and effect—as the prime goal of education, he finds classically educated people strangely below par. It is the highly instructed person that he finds coming to him again and again, and asking the most simple question in chemistry or mechanics. When mention is made of such things as the conservation of force or the permanency of matter, these persons are as far from comprehending or having the power to judge of them as if their minds had never been trained. One cannot help wondering what sort of "classically educated" people Mr. Faraday has fallen in with. But it is always useful to get at the unqualified impressions of a thoroughly original man. The evidence is continued in the same strain. There does not appear to exist in such persons' minds, as the result of early training, any peculiar aptitude for grasping a new subject. So far from being more receptive than young minds, they are, we are told, commonly even less so. Mr. Faraday speaks with a warmth that seems to indicate that his juvenile audiences have given him greater satisfaction than any others. He finds no backwardness there in understanding a statement made in simple language, whereas the grown (and, according to present methods,

the trained) mind comes back with the same questions over and over again. "They ask what is water composed of; though I have told the same persons, a dozen years in succession, that it is composed of oxygen and hydrogen." The same hopeful disciples will come and insist on propositions about table-turning, and mesmerism, and flying through the air, in a manner which has convinced Mr. Faraday that, whatever else early training may have done for them, it has not enabled them to clear their minds of very obvious and very absurd inconsistencies. With regard to practical suggestions for future reform, he thinks that all boys of ordinary intelligence and eleven years old at least might be taught something of the six subjects that come before classics in the programme of the London University. These are—mechanics, hydrostatics, hydraulics, pneumatics, acoustics, and optics. "With a candle, a lamp, and a lens or two, an intelligent instructor might teach optics in a very short time." That is to say, Mr. Faraday might teach it; but your "intelligent instructor" is not to be met with at every turning. In common with most or all of his brother witnesses, Mr. Faraday thinks that competent teachers of physical science are a class yet to be created, but that there is no reason why it should not begin to grow at once, and grow very fast. In reply to a definite question of Sir Stafford Northcote's, he further ventured on a rough estimate of the proportion of time which would suffice for giving science a place in the school curriculum. One-fifth of the entire time devoted, say at Eton, to study of all kinds, ought to be given—and would, he thinks, be at present, and speaking generally, enough to give—to the attainment of natural knowledge. In less than half a century it will probably deserve and obtain a larger share.

On turning to the evidence of Professor Owen, we find, most probably from a more extended experience in boyhood, a considerably higher estimate of the existing methods of training. Mr. Owen has the advantage of being a doubly educated man—educated both according to the more usual and the less usual phraseology. Grammar and classics, arithmetic and geometry, he is prepared to regard as the most important disciplinary studies of any. Distinctly differing from Mr. Faraday, he considers that the present system of education does a very great deal towards developing and exercising the faculty of "right judgment." Beyond the training of memory and imagination, the mental powers are sharpened for rigid deduction of consequences, as by geometry and mathematics—for close conformity of the word with the idea, and the whole faculty of word-fighting, as by logic. He would claim no more for natural history than a place in the curriculum as an elementary training science. As a disciplinary study, its value would lie in the development of accurate observation, and especially of classification, order, and method; and it would thus operate as a most valuable complement to the studies already in vogue. He agrees with Dr. Acland in holding that, assuming it to be possible to introduce the fresh element either of modern language or natural science into school-work, but not to provide room for both, it would be more advisable to introduce modern language. "The modern languages," Professor Owen says, "I should be disposed to place first in importance, natural history next, chemistry last. With regard to astronomy and mechanics, these I think are already in part provided for in the illustrations of geometrical and algebraic teaching." The superior advantage of acquiring a modern language is clearly this—that it places early in life an additional tool, as it were, in the learner's hand. If he afterwards takes up any special branch of science, and that branch happens to be unprovided with a good text-book in English, he can adopt one written in French or German. Professor Owen differs from Mr. Faraday both in his estimate of the time which it would be sufficient to give to natural science at schools like Eton, Harrow, or Rugby, and of the age at which it would be most advisable to begin. Compulsory attendance at a lecture of one hour, delivered once a week during six months, would answer all the purposes of an experimental beginning. It is not possible to foresee what the ultimate demand might be, but, as a commencement, this would be a sufficient trespass on the time now devoted to the old subjects of instruction, a single half-hour out of school being supposed to be added weekly for the preparation of a class-book on the subject. Until a sufficient supply of resident teachers could be obtained, the lecturers might come from a distance, and one or more of the resident masters would soon acquire knowledge enough to answer questions and give occasional help between whiles. Professor Owen sees no objection to beginning early in the study of natural science, but fifteen appears to be the age which finds most favour in his eyes. The pupils of Liebig are usually older than fifteen.

An extremely interesting series of remarks was drawn out by a question of Professor Thompson's, relating to the progressive state of the physical sciences. Would the fluctuating or speculative character of those sciences constitute any valid objection to their use as methods of education? Certainly not, is Professor Owen's reply. He first denies the "fluctuating" character. The zoological system of Ray is the basis of the system of Linnaeus; it forms an essential part of the Linnaean system. The principles of natural history are already as settled and fixed as can be needed for its use as a disciplinary science. Modification of details would never affect its value in this respect. Besides, if we were to wait, before teaching the subject, until we entirely escaped the possibility of there being some change in the form and substance of the truths taught, and the method of teaching, we should simply have to wait for the termination of our race as a species. The passage that follows deserves to be quoted without abridgment:—

In transactions of societies and academies of the natural sciences we see annual progress and discoveries in mathematics; the sciences in regard to the works of nature or the Author of nature are more incomplete; and the more we know of them, the more we get impressed with the small amount of knowledge we possess. But that amount, compared with ignorance, is so great, and the principles that we are able to deduce from the little that we do know are so sure, that taking them at the present imperfect standard, whether in respect to zoology, botany, or geology, they are as good for the purposes of elementary instruction and discipline as they will perhaps be ten thousand years hence.

Mr. Halford Vaughan drew out Professor Owen's opinions on another most important point—the value of physiological teaching in respect to moral discipline. The prudential lessons of physiology concurring most closely with the lessons of morality in general, would an early acquaintance with the laws of organized beings have a beneficial effect in promoting self-control? Would it strengthen the force of other teachings by disclosing new reasons for them? On all confident anticipation of much good from this quarter, Professor Owen's strong sense throws discouragement. A few natures here and there might pay attention to such influences as these; but in the vast majority of cases, if a man or a youth is deaf to other and higher dictates, he will not care a straw for the revelations of physiology. Recollecting the amount of nonsense which has of late years been uttered on the opposite side, it is refreshing to hear common sense propounded so clearly by so weighty an authority. If a man likes to enjoy an unhealthy degree of alcoholic stimulus, and will not forbear from higher motives, he will be deaf to all expositions of the damage done to the ventricles of the brain. Under combative or other excitement—and this embraces every shock of life *in statu pupillari*—what would the ordinary undergraduate care whether his heart beat so many times a minute, or whether his brain were so few lines from the skull? On the whole, the man of all others probably the best qualified to form a judgment on the point declines to attach any great weight to the moral effect of physical teaching.

When Regius Professors take counsel with eminent Fellows of the Royal Society on the common end of promoting sound education, it is not being very sanguine to hope that the joint aim will succeed in reaching the mark. We repeat what was said before, that the task of examination, so far as this part of the evidence is concerned, seems to have been performed in a manner worthy of the occasion. The tone of the replies given by the leaders of scientific progress in the country is uniformly moderate, and, speaking broadly, it is decidedly conservative. The scientific witnesses who, like Professors Airy and Acland and Sir Charles Lyell, belong to one of the two ancient Universities, hardly surpass Professor Owen in the expression of unwillingness to disturb classical learning as the basis of English education. This being so, it would be hard if the Etonian sentiment in favour of time-honoured "irregularity" should block the way against the very obvious and limited changes suggested in the Report.

MR. W. SIMPSON'S DRAWINGS.

A SERIES of water-colour sketches is now on view at the German Gallery, taken during the last three years in India, Thibet, and Cashmere, by Mr. William Simpson. This gentleman, it will be remembered, by his drawings in the Crimea, gained himself a creditable place amongst those illustrative artists who follow all the camps, and are as much a characteristic of the present day as "Our Own Correspondent." Perhaps the dash and picturesqueness by which, rather than by much of pomp or pride, modern warfare is characterized, were qualities rather more suitable to the pencil of a brilliant sketcher like Mr. Simpson than the vast plains, jungles, and mountains of our Indian Empire, with their innumerable cities and temples. Add to this the endless varieties in race and manners in the populous East, with the contrast between that old world and the newest English civilization, and we shall begin to have some faint idea what sort of a work it is that the adventurous artist has undertaken. No subject could, in fact, be chosen which would more task to the utmost a great painter. It could not be seriously handled except by one who has done much more than make a three years' rapid journey of above twenty thousand miles. It is not often, however, that Englishmen can be found who will devote themselves with such diligence to mastering the East as Lewis or Hunt in their recent pictures, or even as old Daniell in the last century; and until some painter shall undertake in that thorough spirit an enterprise the importance of which Humboldt long since pointed out in his *Cosmos*, we may accept gratefully such slighter contributions to our imperfect knowledge as Mr. Simpson has now offered to us.

There are, of course, many men in England to whom this exhibition will present the peculiar interest of setting before them scenes some of which have the familiarity of home. But it is rather to spectators who do not know India that Mr. Simpson may be supposed to address himself. He has undertaken to bring that Empire and its adjacent lands before the popular eye; and it would not, therefore, be reasonable to complain that he has not treated any subject with such minuteness or finish as to give it specific value to students. The marvellous flora of India he has hardly touched; indeed, his vegetation strikes us as below the level of his power in other respects. The architecture, also, he has treated mainly from the picturesque point of view; although even thus, so few representations have we of the extraordinary buildings and rock-hewn caves pro-

duced in India before Mahometanism blighted and withered its civilization, that the drawings here shown from Ajunta, Cheestore, Agra, and elsewhere have great interest. To Cheestore, an ancient capital of Rajpootana, Mr. Simpson has devoted three of his most successful sketches. In the first (24) we see the strange old city spread out on the summit of its mountain-plateau, surrounded by vast walls of rock and of masonry, and crowded with picturesque yet regularly-planned buildings, amongst which rise conspicuous two noble Towers of Victory. Each of these is here shown in a more detailed drawing. Although above 500 years intervened between their construction, yet, so slowly do styles move in the East, they are alike in general plan and in the arrangement of their decoration. This looks exuberant to a Western eye, and the outline is perhaps too much broken by projections. Yet the pillars may read a very useful lesson to European architects, from the skill with which a commemorative or triumphal character has been given them, together with an extraordinary look of height. This last quality has been gained by the number of horizontal divisions into which each tower has been broken up (eight or ten in the larger, which are again subdivided), and by the subtle proportions observed between the height of each story. They should in this respect be compared with the Victoria Tower at Westminster, which loses half its effect from the employment of a directly contrary system.

Mr. Simpson gives good general sketches of the three largest mounds of masonry, named *Tope*, which are ascribed to the early Buddhist worshippers of India. These are circular masses, not unlike what the Sepulchre of Augustus at Rome or the Tomb of Porosena at Clusium may have resembled. In one case (the Manikiala *Tope*), far north-west in the Punjab, a vague resemblance to Western architectural forms is traceable; but the small scale of the sketch does not help to solve the question whether the likeness be more than accidental. The interiors of two much later sepulchral edifices, the Taj Mahal of Agra and the Tomb of Jehangier near Lahore, are interesting specimens of the Oriental monument. In both an altar tomb is the central feature, which, in the Taj, is surrounded by a delicate screen of open-work. The absence of figure-carving, the marvellous finish and perfection of the marble chamber, and the costly housings of the tombs, strike one as un-European features. Amongst the many proofs which this series affords of the lamentable tastelessness of English architecture when carried out in India, contrasting so powerfully with the wealth and grace of native imagination, the Gothic design for the screen of the well at Cawnpore strikes us with pleasure. It is not, indeed, very correct in detail, and is wanting in variety; but it is, at the least, a step in the right direction.

Amongst the most impressive sketches of general scenery we would notice the "Ganges" (15), one of Mr. Simpson's broadest and best-toned drawings, and the beautiful lake scenes of Ajmere (33) and Cashmere (107 and 108), with the famous valley at sunset, which, at least in the artist's effective handling, seem to realize more than even the Opera or Moore suggests to the youthful imagination. Bright green and bright crimson here do their best; and though one cannot help feeling that Cashmere has been painted from the *Lalla Rookh* aspect, yet there must be enough of romantic beauty in the original to justify the poet's praises. The "Himalayan Rhododendrons" (135) have a less artificial air. An exhibition of fireworks over a noble tank at Umritsur is a capital piece of effective sketching. The view of Delhi (72), of Oodeypore (29), and of Poonah (61), are specimens of Mr. Simpson's singularly skilful rendering of vast extents of diversified plain. Perhaps, however, the "Mahabaleshwar" (60), and the "Dust Storm at Umballa" (72), may be singled out as, on the whole, the drawings which most nearly claim to pass beyond the sphere of sketchy suggestiveness. In the "Storm," the blending of the brown dust with the indigo upper clouds, and the shadowy forms of men and animals below, are managed with a tenderness which we miss in many of these sketches. In the "Mahabaleshwar," the treatment of the splendid plain to the right, where great masses of rock, rich in colour, run down towards the ocean, is delicate and spirited. This view, with the "Simla" (113), gives one some idea of the amazing wealth and magnificence of Indian scenery when viewed at a favourable time of year—before the sun, in fact, has burnt up the glories which, in the south, are called forth by his vernal radiance.

We are also indebted to the artist's indefatigable pencil for several highly curious views in that mysterious and little-known Himalayan range which no doubt awaits the exploration of some Indian Alpine Club. By these sketches, it is true, we are reminded how much more than a power of effective rapidity is required from the artist who would give, not only the picturesqueness, but the solemnity of mountain scenery—not only its simplicity, but its subtlety—not only the form, but the massiveness of the everlasting hills. But we must here, also, make allowance for the difficulties under which art must inevitably be pursued at a height above the sea-line greater than the whole height of Mont Blanc. Looking at them thus, the famous "Source of the Ganges" (24), the "Snowy Range" (130), the chill indigo tarn called "Salt Lake" (133), and the "Bridge Scene" (32), deserve much praise; and from the prospectus which accompanies the drawings now shown, we learn that further glimpses into Thibet and Cashmere (with additional views in India itself) will be ultimately added to the exhibition. We venture to express a hope that the landscape element may predominate in the rest of the series. Mr. Simpson appears, indeed, to have enjoyed great advantages in India, and to have been present at some important state-cere-

monials. He has sketched several of these, and has also endeavoured to depict certain aspects of native life, not without spirit and brilliancy. The strange sectaries who retain the once powerful name of Jains (23), the village festival in the hills (121), and the family group weaving Cashmere shawls (112), strike us as amongst his most successful efforts in this direction. In the latter, the contrast between the rudeness of the hut and its machinery and the exquisiteness of the Cashmere work is equally striking and suggestive to those who live in a country where mechanical skill stands in an inverse ratio to success in art. But it is given to but few painters to prosper at once in landscape and in figures; and we cannot generally credit the clever artist with more than moderate success in the latter class of subject. There is a picturesque confusion of colour about his sketches, and the figures have an air of motion; but, on the whole (without dwelling on many evidences of imperfect power in drawing the human form), they do not seem to us to go beyond the art of our illustrated newspapers; and for rendering the character of individual heads, the small scale and the hasty style of execution alike disqualify them.

It must also be added that, whilst the character of the drawings clearly testifies to energetic and skilful work on the spot, yet the making-up often suggests that much of the colour-effects has been given in the studio. From the tenor of our previous remarks it will be seen that we do not say this in depreciation of Mr. Simpson's labours. It is an inevitable result of the wideness and multiplicity of his endeavours, and, in some degree, of the climate under which many of the drawings were produced. At the same time, this mode of working has given to the series a somewhat mannered and uniform quality, not unlike what we feel in looking at Mr. Roberts's well-known views in Egypt and Syria. A clear impression of the pervading light and heat of India is rarely conveyed. Many sketches have been also left in that comparatively slight state which would be ill exchanged for the spurious finish that imperfect artists love to give and ignorant spectators to admire. There is a want of subtlety and delicacy of touch, which shows itself at one time in the mountain lines, at another in the skies and the vegetation. On all these accounts we venture to express considerable hesitation whether this series deserves, or will bear, that elaborate reproduction by chromolithography for which it is destined by its enterprising proprietors. Eighty guineas' worth of sketches will be, we fear, rather too much. At any rate, we shall hope that Mr. Simpson's *aperçu* may be the beginning of a more thorough and satisfactory application of English art to these most attractive and important subjects. Meanwhile, we doubt whether an exhibition of more lively interest to Englishmen, or one more pleasant in its way, is likely to be on view during the present season.

REVIEWS.

LIFE OF ANDREW REED, D.D.*

IN the last months of last year there appeared, almost at the same time, the biographies of two considerable public benefactors—Father Mathew and Dr. Reed. Each was, in his way, a representative man; each did a world of work, and yet scarcely ever were two men less similar. The one wrought mainly on the impressionable hearts of men; the other chiefly wrought in bricks and mortar. The one "my dear"—ed everybody he met to an extent which nothing but his overflowing affectionateness of nature redeemed from absurdity; the other perhaps never used the words except at the head of a letter where they are conventionally unmeaning. The one was the apostle of teetotalism, the other the hierophant of post-prandial subscription-lists. The one ruined himself and half his friends with his profuse almsgiving to the poor; the other judiciously employed his own undoubted liberality in extracting somewhere about a million from the rich. The one was a fervent Ultramontane, the other a stiff Dissenter. We may hope that, as their works remain side by side to speak for them in this world, they have accommodated their personal differences in the next; anyhow, we, unsectarian bystanders, may give to each his due and hearty recognition as to one who did real good in his generation.

Dr. Andrew Reed, we have said, was a representative man, and he represented a phase of life very little known to those who live outside of the select circle of modern English Nonconformity. To the large majority of educated men Nonconformity is an unknown quantity. They read of it in newspapers; they now and then meet with a living Nonconformist; but either he keeps his peculiarity in the background, or, if it comes out, they do not understand the phenomenon, and, on the whole, do not fancy they would entirely like it on more extended acquaintance. There seems something narrow and self-satisfied about it; something which gives the notion that its professors live for the most part in a world of their own—they not caring to enlarge it, and other people not caring to penetrate it. Even a diligent study of the organs of Nonconformity—the *Patriot*, the *Nonconformist*, the *Eclectic Review*, &c.—only gives the outer world a vague notion of its surface aspect, the dress it wishes to wear "before folk"; its inner life and working is still as unknown, perhaps as unintelligible, as the

* *Memoirs of the Life and Philanthropic Labours of Andrew Reed, D.D., with Selections from his Journals.* Edited by his Sons, Andrew Reed, B.A., and Charles Reed, F.S.A. London: Strahan & Co. 1863.

private history of the Grand Llama. Lord Macaulay, with the best intentions, evidently could make nothing of it; and, after all his efforts, was compelled to treat Nonconformity as one among a series of "facts," of which he appreciated the political force, but failed entirely to understand its motive power, or how it came to have any. Mr. Carlyle understands its past—its Puritan history; but then all that has evaporated long ago. To the ordinary politician it presents itself at this day as a sort of "persuasion" that has somehow laid hold of a good many voters, and must be allowed for accordingly, and petted (on occasion) with a few pretty sentences about its "wealth, numbers, and intelligence," uttered with no very distinct notion of what sort of entity the speaker is talking about. Yet there is, we may be sure, something a good deal deeper than all this in a set of phrases and feelings (even were they nothing more) which has kept a firm hold on many, if not of the thinkers, at least of the doers of some seven or eight generations of our countrymen, and which to this moment holds almost paramount sway over the less educated section of the middle class of Englishmen, and over a large majority of all classes, except the highest, in Scotland.

Such as know a little of Nonconformity, and a little also of the life and doings of Dr. Andrew Reed, will take up this biography in the hope that they shall find Dissenting life set forth pretty nearly at its best. We have been a good deal disappointed. No doubt there are some statistics of the growth of his congregation, the increasing number of his communicants, and the enlargement of his own meeting-house and some others under his potent mendicancy. But we still miss the arcana of the Nonconformist life. There is all about what Dr. Reed did, but very little about what he—still less what the system in which he worked—was. And to those who believe that what you *are* is the parent of what you *do*, this is baffling and unsatisfactory. We wanted to see the man, and we only get the workman—the heart, and we only get the handiwork—the informing spirit, and we only get the outside *moles* of results. Something better ought to have come of the mental anatomy of the first Dissenter that dared to write a novel, and was stout enough to survive the publication of it. One is almost driven to the conclusion that modern Dissent is all outside action and bustle—building big tabernacles, talking big speeches on platforms, and living a public shop-front sort of life. We know that there is something far more like solidity and reality in it than this, but this volume does not tell us what it is.

All the while, we must not be understood as undervaluing the work before us. If a man's life consists in the multitude of the things that he achieves, very few lives have ever been better written. The filial instinct is very fairly kept under. The gingerly adroitness that steps *sicco pede* over soft places is very tolerably diplomatic. There is much of proper reticence, together with a full enumeration of all the "philanthropic labours" of the Doctor. We only lack in this Life a certain element which we have never found in any other recent Nonconformist biography. The Life of Colonel Hutchinson, even the Life of Doddridge or of Rowland Hill, is one thing, but this biography is quite another thing. Can it be true that the spiritual element of Dissent flourishes best in the cold shade, and that, as Tories and evil speakers have been warning us for a generation past, the atmosphere of the Reform era has been too worldly and every-day for its vitality? We happen to know that a sage old seer, whose name occurs often in these pages, always foreboded that it would be so.

Andrew Reed came of an old Nonconformist family, descended from a certain Colonel John Reed, who "held the good town and county of Poole against all comers for the Commonwealth of England." His father, after distinguishing himself as a lay-preacher in Dorsetshire, took up the business of a watchmaker in London, married a helpful and thoroughly good wife, and Andrew Reed was born in one of the houses which formerly narrowed the Strand between Temple Bar and St. Clement's Church. After a good many of the "wrestlings" and other spiritual experiences which answer, in Dissenting communities, to the confirmation of the young Churchman—and, after a really interesting account of them in this memoir, we are obliged to confess our belief in the superior efficacy of the Apostolic rite as a preparation for the wear-and-tear of Christian manhood—he became a member of the Hackney College, with a view to the Dissenting ministry. By no means enough is said of its principal, good cheery Mr. Collison, whose hearty laugh and genuine piety are still remembered at the distance of thirty years. He was a second father to Reed, corrected some of his rhapsodical vagaries when his patient would let him, was a steadfast friend to him when *No Fiction* brought him into trouble, and did more to bring out the good that was in him than perhaps any one else. It is the least pleasant part of Dr. Reed's character, call it egotism or call it self-assertion, that he could never afford a share of his successes, and seldom much of the direction of the work that led to them, to lieutenants and associates. Even his sons allow a certain flavour of dictatorial self-will about him; and those who laboured with him, and whose contributions of all sorts were indispensable to his success, will be not a little disappointed at the position assigned them in the narrative. About all his works there is an unpleasant undertone of "I by myself, I." There is due recognition, of course, of "the Divine blessing" on occasion; but the personal pronoun is the central figure everywhere. To do him justice, few persons had a stronger digestion for labour of almost every sort, or a clearer head to direct it aright. It is thoroughly characteristic of the man that when, on the occasion of laying the first stone of the London

Orphan Asylum, the platform unexpectedly gave way, and Dissenting Doctors of Divinity were embracing mother earth with involuntary humility, while a poor workman lay dead beneath the debris, Dr. Reed wrote upon a slip of paper on the crown of his hat a paper of directions for the clerk of the works which would have done credit to a general in the field:—

Report,—who were underneath at the time? Who was killed? Where did he live? What was being done when the accident happened? How was the tackling for the stone secured? Was it at any time lashed to the scaffolding? Was there any planking under the uprights? How far were the sockets let into the ground?

We do not much wonder, after this glimpse of the man, that even the Iron Duke could not withstand him, and that he twice allowed himself to be dragged into the City to preside at "Orphan" dinners, in contravention of an express resolution to the contrary. That Dr. Reed was the most effective solicitor on record we have the sterling evidence of a tabular statement of the results of his labours at what he called his workshop, the London Tavern. In succession, he was the means of founding the London Orphan Asylum, the Infant Orphan Asylum, the Asylum for Fatherless Children, the Asylum for Idiots, the Royal Hospital for Incurables, and the Eastern Counties Idiot Asylum. He contributed from his own funds more than 4,000*l.*, besides (as it is oddly put) 102 years of work; and his exertions extracted from the wealth of London the huge sum of 1,043,566*l.*, ministering effective relief, during his lifetime, to more than 6,000 of the most helpless of our race. A few personal blemishes may well be forgiven to the laborious constructor of such a congeries of charities.

It would have been better, both for the charities and for Dr. Reed's own peace of mind, if he had abstained from politics. But at the time when he was beginning to "flourish," as the saying is, there was much about them to tempt the rising Nonconformist. The Reform Bill had just made the Dissenters aware of their strength in the town constituencies, and the adulation of candidates flattered their leaders into an over-estimate of it. The biographers relate, with pardonable satisfaction, how their father could always find a place in the House by the kindness of Mr. Byng, and how the liberal M.P.'s with whom the first two or three Reform Parliaments were peopled were lavish of their attentions. They are probably not aware how cordially the M.P.'s in question voted their more pushing constituents a nuisance, and how seriously the settlement of questions like, *e.g.* that of Church-rates, has been impeded by the heaviness of the yoke which Dissenting ministers and the like lay upon their Parliamentary delegates, the exigence with which it is brought to bear, and the fretfulness with which it is borne. Few things, for instance, could have been (to say the least) more *gauche* than Dr. Reed's taking the opportunity of Lord John Russell's presiding at a meeting of the British and Foreign School Society to administer to his lordship a definite pledge as to his future course with regard to Sir James Graham's Bill for the Education of Factory Children; or his getting up an address to the Throne, praying the refusal of the royal assent to the Maynooth Bill after it had passed both Houses. Those who are curious in the details of religious agitation, and, we may add, who want to learn how little of reality and how much of splutter there is in it, can hardly do better than read chap. ix. Such passages as the following are sufficiently suggestive of the sort of machinery by which "public opinion" is manufactured to order:—

We advertised freely; sat daily and all day long. This was all well, but experience had taught me that mere circulars would fail to get up the country fully. . . . Everybody said that we should not succeed, but we did. Having left things in train in London, I slipped away on the 11th of April—visited sixteen counties, held many meetings, made Wales safe. . . . The best of it was that I was out and in again, and no one in London knew of it but my family and my executive. *That which appeared to our friends afterwards to be spontaneous was not so to us.*

In the next page we are admitted behind the scenes:—

The battle in town was still a hard one. It was not easy to keep our forces together. Some would dispute and not work; some would do too much; some nothing; some in their own way or not at all.

One gets the impression that an M.P. for the Liberation Society has some sore experiences to go through; and we cease to wonder at the number of Parliamentary patrons who have in succession taken up "the cause" and let it drop again. Meanwhile we can readily enough see how the pietist element of Dissent withers under the turmoil of this dusty turnpike-road. It is significant (and in its way saddening) to find among the most frequent reflections of Dr. Reed's later life an often-recurring prayer for a "re-conversion." The worldly wisdom of the veteran politician of the platform is by no means an improvement upon the hopeful, helpful man who made his maiden speech in behalf of his yet embryo Orphan Asylum to an audience of about seventy persons, got 66*l.* collected, and on the strength of it built an asylum that has expended more than 400,000*l.*

A curious contrast might be drawn, had we space for it, between the rose-coloured report of Dr. Reed and Mr. Matheson on their visit to the American "churches" and the too veracious confessions that are now going the round of the religious newspapers. The America seen by Dr. Reed was one continued argument for the excellence of the voluntary system. The America of actual fact (omitting the Episcopal church, which seems fairly to proportion its ministers to its churches) contains some 42,000 congregations, of which not much more than a third have a fixed pastor, while something like another third are in a chronic condition of vacancy, and the rest served by "supplies"—*i.e.* people

who are smart citizens all the week, and do a stroke of business in the pulpit on Sunday. Here, however, we must leave Dr. Reed. If we do not learn all that we wished from his life, we get at all events a very tolerable insight into the age and class of which he was the representative; and we leave him with the respect that has been well earned by a life of unwearied and unselfish labour.

SIR WILLIAM NAPIER.*

THE biographer of Sir William Napier has done well in recommending his life to the young soldier as a subject for study and reflection "well calculated to elevate the mind and to excite to noble emulation." He might perhaps have done better by adding that that life would supply a useful warning of how enemies may be made, and unnecessary difficulties in a career created, by allowing tongue and pen to obey all the impulses of a fiery temper. Every reader will own that this book is the life of a man of genius. To William Napier, more perhaps than to any other man of our time, might it have belonged to boast to the woman who linked her fate with his:—

I'll make thee famous by my pen,
And glorious by my sword.

In the field, at the head of the 43rd Regiment, he was equal to every exigency. He has written a book which will be read with eager interest as long as Englishmen care for military exploits. He might have become, if he had chosen, one of the first orators of his time. It is difficult to say that a career which began with so many natural, and was helped with adequate social, advantages was a failure because it did not raise William Napier earlier and higher in the military or political service of his country. If his life after 1815 had been one of active employment in war or peace, the wishes which he appears to have entertained would have been gratified, but his History would never have been written. It would be impossible to overstate the service which that work, marked as it doubtless is by all the faults of its author's mind, has rendered to the British nation. It taught that nation to know its army, and it taught other nations to know that army also. One merit belonged peculiarly to this book—that it was a history of English victories adapted to be read by Frenchmen. Lord Mahon's remark, that it was the best French account that had appeared of the Peninsular war, although not intended as friendly criticism, was the highest praise that could be bestowed. Napier learned, from his connexion with Mr. Fox, to appreciate the genius of Napoleon, and as an officer of the Light Division, always in contact with the French, he learned to respect and like them. Hence he was able to write a military work which was read as eagerly in Paris as in London. When once a French soldier began to read it, he would find that he could not leave off; for the eloquence of the descriptions of the storming of Badajoz and the battle of Albuera is such as no translation can destroy, and no imperfection in knowledge of language can conceal. Some of the most pleasing passages of this life refer to the friendly intercourse which took place between Marshal Soult, and the officers who had served under him in the Pyrenees, and Sir William Napier. It would be well if there were not other passages of a wholly different nature, relating to painful controversies which arose with English officers to whom the History did not display the same justice and generosity which the French, to their surprise and admiration, experienced in its brilliant pages. Into this subject, however, we do not now enter. At present the History is only mentioned for the sake of saying that, while it is to be lamented that a man of such splendid gifts should have been so impracticable, there is consolation in observing that to the last-named quality the world owes Napier's History. Disappointed of opportunities of serving his country where he would only have done as well as other men, it thus happened to him to serve her where he immeasurably surpassed all competitors, actual or possible.

William Napier entered the army at the age of fifteen, and in four years he became captain in the 43rd Light Infantry, which regiment it was his good fortune to command on more than one of its most glorious days in Spain. He was indebted for his early advancement to Sir John Moore, and he soon showed himself worthy of the favour which, in after years, he well repaid by the splendid justification of that general's conduct in his History. The secret of Napier's military success, says his biographer, is to be sought in the absorbing earnestness with which he threw himself into every pursuit, but more particularly into the duties of a profession for which he had an enthusiastic love. His men saw that he loved soldiers, that he respected them, that he thought each of them capable of being a hero; and they respected themselves in consequence. During his early years of service he wrote many letters to his mother, of which the writing, spelling, and expression were those of a very ill-taught schoolboy. Attention is drawn to these letters by the biographer, "in order that the reader may judge of the uncommon labour and perseverance he must have devoted to repair his defective education, and to prepare himself for the task of writing a History of which the style is universally admitted to be a model of force, eloquence, and correctness." The sculptor Chantrey said at a later time that the genius and perseverance of William Napier astonished him. In

1807 Napier served with his regiment at Copenhagen. At this time his high ideal of British soldiers was lowered by disagreeable facts. He says that "they fight well, but are the greatest scoundrels possible." Perhaps Napier did not grumble more than other regimental officers, but the family propensity towards demanding prompt and full and frequent recognition of its merits appears oftener than could be wished in his correspondence. "You will perceive," he writes, "that the worst regiment I could possibly have got into is the 43rd, and that I never can have any chance of promotion or real service in it." Thus he wrote at the age of twenty-three, having been a captain for four years, and enjoying, along with his brothers, the special favour of Sir John Moore. In 1808 he went with his regiment to Spain, and bore his full share of the hardships of the Corunna campaign. In 1809 he returned to the Peninsula. On the march to Talavera he was attacked with violent pleurisy, for which he was bled four times in two days. Hearing a report that the army had been defeated, he got out of bed, walked forty-eight miles, and then got horses and rode on to join his regiment. This exertion in his weak state proved too much for him, and he fell from his horse at the gate of Talavera. He was in the fight on the Coa, and in the battle of Busaco. At the combat of Casal Novo, during Massena's retreat, being detached with part of the 43rd to support the 52nd in a very critical position, he received in his back a musket-ball, which remained there to his death, and caused him frequent and terrible suffering during more than fifty years. In 1811 he had become so ill from wounds and fever that Lord Wellington specially ordered him to quit the army. He went home, and in the spring of 1812 he married his cousin Caroline, niece of Mr. Fox. Three weeks after marriage he sailed for Portugal. No husband surely had better title to address to his wife the lines:—

I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more.

In his absence the Light Division had played a conspicuous part in the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz. His dearest friend Lieutenant-Colonel Macleod of the 43rd had been killed in the breach of Badajoz, and Major Napier succeeded him in command. He writes to his wife:—"Everybody says I am the most fortunate of men to have command of such a regiment; for my own part I only find that the recollection of Macleod comes with more bitterness to my mind." The regiment having lost almost all its officers before Badajoz, and being full of plunder gathered after the storm, had become so disorganized that, as he told his wife, "he had been forced the two first days of his command to punish three men by that most infamous manner of flogging, which was now doubly so from the gallantry of their conduct at the storm." Major Napier's energy, strictness, and attention restored discipline, and at the battle of Salamanca the regiment advanced three miles under a constant cannonade with as clean and firm a line as at a review. Major Napier rode in front, joking with the nearest captain on the safety from round-shot of a humble pedestrian as compared with a mounted officer. Writing to his wife about this time, he says—"The abuse of the French is all nonsense; they are certainly great scoundrels, as certainly as the English are as great." Elsewhere he quotes to the same effect a saying of a Spanish priest, who described himself as feeling, between invaders and deliverers, like Christ between two thieves. Often he talks about quitting the army and living quietly with his wife at home:—"I am really tired of seeing people butchered in a skilful way." He might live in peace to a green old age, boasting what a general he would have become if he had persevered, "instead of which I am obliged to flog men for being tired of marching twenty miles with 60 lbs. weight on their shoulders and nothing to eat." Major Napier went to England in January 1813, and remained there till the following August. No one surely will blame him for wishing to get back to his Caro; but it cannot fail to strike the reader that Bardsolph's saying, "A soldier is better accommodated than with a wife," might have deserved consideration by William Napier, if he felt himself possessed of great capacity for, and devotion to, his profession, and perceived that with the 43rd Regiment in Spain he had the finest opportunity for service and distinction ever offered to an aspiring soldier. It might have been well to wait until the end, when those who lived to see it could,

Lovers in peace, lead on their days to age,

without having to lament the loss of occasions never to return. The reader will observe, further, that William Napier always begins to think of home as soon as there is a prospect of his being superseded in command of the 43rd by an older officer. Great as were the services rendered and the honours won by this gifted family, they might have been far greater if that family could have acquiesced in any one of its members ever holding any but the first place. By going home at this time William Napier missed the battle of Vittoria. He returned before the second assault of San Sebastian, volunteered to lead the stormers of the Light Division, and was accepted, but had to give way at the last moment to Colonel Hunt of the 52nd, who had come forward in ignorance of Napier's offer. Thus, to Napier's intense mortification, he was prevented from sharing that assault, and preserved to describe it in undying words. He commanded the regiment at the storming of a remarkably strong position, the Petite Rhune Mountain, in the Pyrenees. Of this service, which formed part of the battle of the Nivelle, he writes as follows:—

I was the first man but one who reached and jumped into the rocks, and I was only second because my strength and speed were unequal to contend

* *Life of Sir William Napier, K.C.B.*, Author of "History of the Peninsular War," &c. Edited by H. A. Bruce, M.P. 2 vols. London: Murray, 1864.

with the giant who got before me. He was the tallest and most active man in the regiment, and the day before, being sentenced to corporal punishment, I had pardoned him on the occasion of an approaching action. He now repaid me by striving always to place himself between me and the fire of the enemy.

It would be difficult to say anything on the subject of flogging in the army more striking than what has been quoted from William Napier's letters. His expressions of abhorrence were doubtless genuine, and yet he practised flogging in the field, and maintained the necessity of it forty years afterwards in the newspapers. The men whom he flogged were among the best men of one of the best regiments in the army. Soldiers who had stood for three and a-half hours exposed to every form of death in the breach of Badajoz were brought under the lash within a week afterwards. To flog a man one day, and ask him to fight for you if the state of his back permitted on the next, appeared too unreasonable to Napier, but he was a commanding officer of exceptional habits of reflection. On one occasion, he flogged three men while the regiment was actually skirmishing. Perhaps there was no alternative, for the opinion expressed by Napier at Copenhagen as to the co-existence in the British army of bravery and scoundrelism appears to have been tenable in Spain:—

Lord Wellington [says Napier] has just issued a circular to the army, in which he obligingly informs them that they are a parcel of the greatest knaves and worst soldiers he ever had to do with or even read of.

After the battle of Orthes, at which Major Napier was present in person, although his regiment had gone to the rear for clothing, being deprived of the command by the arrival of a senior officer, and having been for some time seriously ill, he obtained leave to go to England. "Thus," he says, "I missed the battle of Toulouse, for which I feel shame to this day." He received the brevet rank of lieutenant-colonel at the termination of the campaign, and this was the highest point in his profession which he attained by service in the field. Unfortunately, he arrived in Belgium too late by two days for the battle of Waterloo, and the duties of the army of occupation in France did not involve fighting.

Notwithstanding Sir Francis Chantrey's praise of Napier's perseverance, it seems impossible to deny that he wanted, for making the most of his abilities and opportunities, only one thing—namely, tenacity. He would persevere as long as he was at the head of the regiment with fighting imminent; but there was in his character an element of instability, a want of that determination to endure to the end through good and evil fortune which is needed by those aspirants who would climb to the highest pinnacle of glory. He carried always a musket-ball close to his spine, which may easily have made his health quite as bad as he ever represented it, but still the reader cannot help suspecting that he would have mended wonderfully whenever there was a near prospect of his leading the 43rd Regiment into action. It should be added to these remarks upon Napier's character, what is necessary to convey a complete idea of him as a soldier—namely, that he was conspicuous for personal beauty, activity, and strength. He might have been taken in ancient times for the model, bodily and mental, of a warrior, and even in the nineteenth century there is truth in the Homeric saying that—

The glorious gifts of the Gods are not to be despised,
As many as the Gods give and a man cannot have by wishing for them.

Upon the peace of 1814, William and Charles Napier joined the military college at Farnham for professional study. Their motive for this step cannot be better stated than in Charles Napier's often-quoted words—"By reading you will be distinguished; without it abilities are of little use." This plan of study was broken up by Napoleon's return from Elba. William Napier, as before stated, missed the battle of Waterloo by two days. He served with the army of occupation, and after its return home in 1819 an opportunity occurred of his purchasing the regimental lieutenant-colonelcy, which he was forced to decline for want of means. An officer who had seen little service being about to purchase over his head, Napier resolved to go on half-pay and seek distinction in some peaceful art. Thus ended a military career which some faults of temper and of judgment caused to miss being a conspicuous success. What may be called the civil career of William Napier extended over forty years, and proved that he was qualified to excel equally in peace and war. But always the same faults remained, and they even became more manifest as he grew older. The wonderful power of language which the History displayed was often used hastily and unjustly. But this is a matter which cannot be discussed in a few lines, and, indeed, the literary and political life of William Napier is well worthy of distinct and deliberate consideration.

THE GREEK NATIONAL KALENDAR.*

WE suppose that only a nation at once young and small can take to deliberately advertising itself. Of course we do not mean that the Greek nation or Government is in any way involved in the process; the advertiser is simply Marinós P. Vretos, and even if it were in any stricter sense a national act, it would not be an act deserving any harsh name. To be constantly talking about itself is characteristic of a people which wishes to

gain a higher position and a higher reputation than it possesses. The wish is in itself a perfectly honourable one, though it may now and then present a ludicrous side. A sort of anxiety to be known and talked about is natural either in a young nation or in a small nation, but it is most natural of all in a nation which is at once young and small. An Englishman is zealous enough for the honour of his country if anybody attacks it, but he waits till it is attacked; he assumes his position as established, and does not think it necessary to sound a trumpet before him. This feeling may easily lead to conduct which is very offensive to people of other nations. It may make him arrogant and self-sufficient, and absurdly contemptuous towards the rest of the world. He may, in short, display the vices of a proud man who does not care enough what other people think of him. A nation, on the other hand, which has either to make its way or to keep its place in the world—that is, a nation which is either young or small, and still more one which is both young and small—is apt to be too anxious as to what other people think of it, and therefore to be over-occupied in thinking about itself. While the old nation is tempted to the vice of pride, the new one is tempted to the vice of vanity. This feeling naturally reaches its height in a very clever people who feel that they are of less importance in the world than they would like to be, and in some sort than they ought to be—who feel that, if their position is partly their own fault, it is also partly the fault of others—who feel that they excite a good deal of interest in the world, and also that they excite a good deal of dislike, that they are often talked about, and not always talked about as they would like—who feel moreover that they have national capacities to which circumstances not wholly of their own making have forbidden their full development. It is perfectly natural that the Greeks should take a good deal of trouble to stand well with other nations. We quite sympathize with their object; only we sometimes cannot help laughing at the way in which they set about it. Surely it is an odd way to put out a National Kalendar containing an Essay on the Modern Greeks (*οἱ νῦν Ἕλληνες*), elaborately setting forth their social and moral qualities, not indeed in the shape of any formal or exaggerated panegyric, but still with an evident determination to let no spark of their light be hidden under a bushel. How far the object is likely to be accomplished by setting forth such a treatise in Greek is another matter. While it can hardly be necessary to write about the Greeks for the Greeks, it is hardly likely that much will be gained by writing about them for other nations in their own tongue. However, we suppose they know best, and, whatever the object may be and whether it is likely to be obtained or not, it is certain that the Editor of the *Ἑθνικὸν Ἡμερολόγιον* has put forth a handsome and amusing volume.

The Greek Almanac with which the volume begins makes us fervently wish that the Orthodox Church would condescend to take the Papal yoke upon her neck at least as far as the days and months are concerned. What gain, national or theological, can there be in calling April 9th March 28th? In all dealings with other nations the New Style has to be added in a parenthesis, just as Messrs. Bradshaw and Blacklock, on the cover of their invaluable writings, put "4th mo," to satisfy their own consciences, and "April" after it for the benefit of the profane world. Surely, though a Pope cannot turn scientific error into truth, yet neither does scientific truth become error merely because it is a Pope who proclaims it. We Englishmen are supposed to hate the Pope as much as any Greek can, yet it is a good hundred years since we left off bewailing the loss of our eleven days. We stood out against a salutary innovation longer than any other Western people, and we are certainly not proud of our conduct in so doing. How either ecclesiastical or national independence can be concerned in keeping to a reckoning of time which is known to be wrong, and which only makes a Greek date unintelligible to other people, we are wholly at a loss to understand.

The Kalendar itself gives us an Eastern Saint for every day, and also affords an opportunity of remarking the utter difference between the Greek and the Latin ecclesiastical year. Our Easter is passed; the Greek Easter does not fall till April 19th, that is, what we call May 1st. The Sunday after Pentecost is not Trinity, but All Saints, while November 1st commemorates only the Saints Cosmas and Damian. May 1st is dedicated to Jeremy the Prophet, as the sixth day of the same month is to the Patriarch Job, *Ἰὼβ δὲ πολυθάλος*, while the Apostles Philip and James are driven to take refuge on November 14th and October 23rd. The dedication of days, as of churches, to Old Testament Saints is one of the peculiarities of the Eastern Churches which seem most strange to Western Christians, Catholic and Protestant.

We generally expect to find in a Kalendar a mass of statistical information, and long lists of officers and others in that particular department to which the Kalendar devotes itself. We have here nothing of the kind, nor have we any summary of the events of the past year. We get instead an account of the remaining antiquities and of the modern buildings of the city of Athens, the whole works of the poet Athanasios Chrístopoulos, classed under the two heads of *Ἑρωϊκὰ* and *Βαρυκὰ*, an Essay on the Modern Greeks, a story translated from the French, several ecclesiastical documents, an account of the acceptance of the Greek Crown by King George, and an account of Greek printers and printed books since the fall of Constantinople. The only matter, besides the Almanac itself, of the humdrum kind for

* Ἑθνικὸν Ἡμερολόγιον διὰ τὸ εἰσεκτον ἔτος 1864 ἐκδοθὲν ὑπὸ Μαρίνου Π. Βρετοῦ. Πωλείται ἐν Πάρισις παρὰ τῷ Κ. Λαίῳ, ἐν Ἀθήναις παρὰ τῷ Κ. Δραγοῦμυ.

which we usually look in a Kalendar, is the tables of Greek money, weights, and measures, and their representatives among other nations. Herein may be seen one of the blessings of Bavarian classicism. The Greeks reckon by drachmas, and divide each drachma into a hundred λεπτά. That is, they follow the same principle as France, Italy, Switzerland, and Belgium. Would it not have been an obvious thing to have made the Greek system exactly the same as one already used by four European nations and perfectly understood by those which do not use it? That is, would it not have been an obvious thing to make the drachma exactly the same as the franc? But no; on some theory of the value of the ancient Athenian drachma, the value of the modern drachma was made a little less than the franc. A franc answers to 1 dr. 11 λεπτά. The difference is ludicrously slight, but it is enough to involve all transactions between Greece and any of the nations which use the French system in the necessity of abstruse calculations, when there need not have been any calculation at all. A Napoleon, for instance, answers to 22 dr. 20 λ., when it might just as well have answered to 20 dr.

The poems of Athanasios Chrēstopoulos, as compared with the prose of the rest of the volume, afford another instance of that artificial character of the modern Hellenic tongue of which we have often spoken before. The prose is perfectly easy to understand; the poems require a little thinking to make them out. That is to say, Athanasios Chrēstopoulos, though not stooping to the barbarism of the Klefite songs, still decidedly writes Romaic and not modern Hellenic. In short, he writes in his natural language and not in an artificial one. For instance, we are not sure that we have made out the meaning of every part of the following stanza, even after looking out several words in a modern Greek Dictionary:—

Νά, νά τὸ ἀνδράκι
Καὶ τὸ χελιδνάκι,
Ἀρχίσει νὰ ψάλλῃ
Τῆς ἀνοιξὸς τὰ κάλλη.
Κὶ ὁ ζῆφρος μαζὶ τοὺς
Κατ' ἄπ' τὴν φωνὴν τοὺς,
Σιγὰ αὐγ', ἀπ' ὀπίσω
Γλυκὰ φωνᾷ τὸ ἴσω.
Ὁ "Ἥλιος κατὰ τάξι
Μὲ τὸ λαμπρὸν γ' ἀμάξι,
Γυρίζει, καθὲ μίρα
Σ' τὴν μίσην τὸν αἰθέρα.
Κ' ἡ γῆ γιὰ μὲν ἄνθρωπος,
Καὶ χαίρειται τὸ φῶς του,
Καὶ πάντοτε προβάλλει
Τ' ἀμύμητὰ τῆς κάλλης.
Οἱ κάμποι πρασινίζουν,
Οἱ κῆποι λουλουδιζοῦν.
Κ' εἰς τ' ἀνθὸν τοὺς ὁ Ἔρως
Πετὰρ' πρὸ καθὲ μίρος.
Ἀγάπῃ μ', εἰ ἀργοῦμεν
Σ' τοὺς κήπους νὰ ἱεθούμεν,
Τὸν ἔρωτα νὰ ῥυθούμεν,
Μαζὶ του νὰ χαροῦμεν.

With the prose, as usual, there is no such difficulty; any ordinary Greek scholar can understand that, if he will only condescend to do so. One is perhaps a little puzzled now and then at the words chosen to express purely modern or Western ideas. The Greek language still keeps its power of producing new words. Such a compound as *δημοῦδασκάλισσα* speaks for itself, and should gladden the hearts of Miss Rye and her helpmates. But we had to stop a moment to think what was meant by a man getting his living as *ἐμπορεύμενος τὰ δημητριακά ἰδὴν*, till it struck us that his wares must have been what in grand language are called *cereals*—in plain English, wheat, barley, or any other sort of grain. So, again, there is something puzzling in the following sentence. Among the ecclesiastical buildings of modern Athens we find that—

Ἡ τῶν Διαμαρτυρομένων (Ἀγγλικανῶν) ἐκκλησία Γοτθικοῦ ῥυθμοῦ ἱκτίσθη ἐκ τετραπλευροῦ Ὑψητείου λίθου.

The *Γοτθικὸς ῥυθμός*, or "Gothic style," alone has something grotesque about it; but who are these *Διαμαρτυρόμενοι* who are the same as Anglicans? A moment or two's thought tells us that the *Διαμαρτυρόμενοι* are the people who bear testimony, who protest; in other words, they are no other than *Protestants*.

The hopes of Greece, according to the Kalendar, rest mainly on the Greeks settled in foreign lands. It is manifest to all men that while Greece, as a land, is not prosperous, a large class of the Greek nation are among the most prosperous of men. The Kalendar tells us that the Greek merchants actually do a great deal for their country; it is certain that there is a great deal for them to do which nobody else has such plentiful means of doing. The very best thing which a wealthy Greek settled abroad can do is to buy waste land in his own country and reclaim it. But he may fairly answer that it is in vain for him to try to do anything of the sort as long as the hateful and barbarous land-tax hinders all agricultural improvement. If the government of King George does not contrive to get rid of this baneful relic of the old oppressor, we might almost say that Otho has been driven out to no purpose.

The book is full of engravings, chiefly of the antiquities of Athens and of various modern Greek worthies, among whom we are glad to see our countryman Gordon. There are also a few of

what we may call historical scenes. The presentation of the Greek crown to King George is no more than we might have expected; but it is a scene which one cannot look at without a certain unpleasant feeling. It is, to say the least, incongruous to see the hoary head of Kanarēs bowing, for the second time, to a foreign boy. There are two scenes which concern us more nearly—namely, *τελετὴ τῆς ἐνάρξεως τῆς βιομηχανικῆς ἐκθίσσεως ἐν Λονδίνῳ κατὰ τὸ 1862*, and *σάλληψις τῶν πρίστων τῆς Μεσημερινῆς Ἀμερικῆς παρὰ τῶν Ἀμερικανῶν τῆς Ἀρκτῶος Ἀμερικῆς κατὰ τὸ 1862 ἐπὶ τοῦ Ἀγγλικοῦ ἀτμοπλοίου τοῦ Τρίντ*. Is not ἡ μεσημερινὴ Ἀμερικὴ, which would rather seem to mean Brazil or Chili, somewhat odd geography for the Confederate States? and is it not prejudging disputed points of International Law to bestow the title of *πρίστων* on Messrs. Mason and Slidell?

We will end with an extract showing, according to the Kalendar, —we quite decline the responsibility of any such inference—the sort of germ out of which a Greek merchant grows:—

Ἐγνώρισα εἰς τὴν σχολὴν τῆς Πίσσης νῆον τινα Ἑλληνα, ἐρρόνιμον καὶ συνεστραφέα, ἀλλὰ μὴ στερομένον οὐδεμιᾶς τῶν ἀπολαύσεων τῆς ἡλικίας του· ἱκάνεισε τὸ ἀνασάειον ἀνάγον του, ἀλλ' ἰφύλαττε τὸ ἀέριον αὐτοῦ, ἀντὶ νὰ τὸ ῥύψῃ, καὶ ἔπειτα, ὅταν συνήγοντο πολλὰ τοιαῦτα ἀέρα, τὰ ἐπώλει. Ἐνυπάρχεν εἰς τὸν νῆον ἡ ζύμη τοῦ ἱμῆρου, ὡς βλάπτει.

NOT QUITE THE THING.

UNLESS the summer happens to be unusually wet, we can hardly believe that even the sea-side circulating libraries will endure the tissue of absurdity and ignorance which in this book aspires to the name of a novel. It is not artistic, it is not exciting, it is not even sweetly interesting. Utter absence of constructive ability in the plot and of insight in the delineation of character are venial faults when compared with the vulgarity of thought and expression which, in almost every page, sends a shudder through the reader. We have no wish to be unnecessarily hard upon the unfortunate author; time, and the sight of his publisher's bill, can hardly fail to relieve the severe attack of *cacoethes scribendi* which has driven him into print; and, at any rate, we may be thankful for the brevity which has compressed observations upon theology, metaphysics, social and religious life, into one modest volume of 292 pages. Within this reasonable compass many of the defects of various kinds of fiction are so conveniently accumulated that it may be worth while to regard *Not Quite the Thing* as a useful subject upon which to exhibit some of the diseases incident to the novel-writing mind.

The title is one of the many riddles with which the author delights to exercise the patience and ingenuity of his readers. Not one word of explanation is vouchsafed to tell us what is not quite the thing, or even to associate this mysterious phrase with any thought, word, or deed recorded in the course of the story. Still more distressing is the uncertainty in which we are left concerning the author's positive view of "the thing," unless we are justified in assuming it to be identical with "the genuine article," or "the real article comprising freshness and guilelessness," upon which elegant phrases a good many changes are rung throughout the book. Still there is something to be said for this title; at least it prepares us for what is to come. After such a warning, we gird up our loins, harden our hearts, and endeavour, as far as possible, to get a correct idea of the form in which vulgarity presents itself to the vulgar mind. The task is not very amusing; but, at any rate, the reader is not lured on to his own disappointment by a title of spasmodic sentimentality or of alliterative nonsense.

The plot, such as it is, may be described very shortly. The heroine, Lady Agnes Deveril, is the orphan daughter of an impoverished clerical peer, and lives at a country house called Briarton, belonging to a certain Mrs. Blite, who had taken charge of her at her mother's death. As a matter of fact, Lady Agnes is an amiable and beautiful girl of eighteen; but we are told that, when people looked at her, "the ideas of youth and age seemed equally irrelevant; those who knew the fecundity, lucidity, and grasp of her intellect, and the brilliancy of her imagination, thought of her in her quality of immortal being, and overlooked the distinctive divisions of time." An angel with all these qualifications, added to a somewhat gushing temperament and a sincerely religious character, naturally finds it rather hard to get on with a cynical and worldly old woman like Mrs. Blite, whose name seems designed faintly to symbolize her generally detestable peculiarities. Constant ill temper and a slight amount of occasional profanity are evils which the poor girl endures with the spirit of a martyr, finding her only consolation in long rambles, diversified with "fairy-like chasées" round an old oak, and the prosecution of botanical studies which result in an enthusiastic exclamation that "primroses and violets are the loveliest of weeds." One would naturally add to her sufferings that she is obliged every day to listen to the most execrable English; but, as she herself occasionally rises above the petty restraints of grammar, perhaps the annoyance may not have been very great. Still it cannot be altogether pleasant, when one remarks that it is getting dark, to be answered, "You know very well that I am not very locomotive, and that neither yours nor my fortune are upon a scale to demand a daily illumination in the middle of the day."

Among the occasional visitors of the house is Mr. Mushroom, a literary gentleman, whose conversation is chiefly devoted to the

* *Not Quite the Thing*. A Tale. London: Chapman & Hall. 1864.

abuse of the "Hebdomadal Critic," which he entitles "a weekly smellfungus," and demolishes with an indignant eloquence which is perfectly appalling, even inducing the gentle Lady Agnes to join in the hue and cry after the "bugaboo attributes of the offending periodical." Society of this kind is sufficiently distasteful, and finally the patronizing persecution of Harold, Mrs. Blite's son, drives Lady Agnes to take refuge within the "radius of holiness" which appears to encircle the head of Mr. Foresiter, the vicar, who kindly instructs her mind with profound discussions on the "condensation and rarefaction of spirituality," while she admires "the beauty and intellect of his apostolical-looking head." At length the inevitable hero appears; not the vicar himself, as we had a right to expect, but a *protégé* of his, named Alfred Winter, once an interesting chimney-sweep, now a "glorious being." He becomes acquainted with Lady Agnes over the prostrate form of a ruffian who had assaulted her; and he speedily wins her heart by the beauty of his moral sentiments, and the sublimity of his aspirations towards "the great artery of civilization and the strife of tongues"—or, in other words, his desire to live in London, and reach the Woolstack. Mr. Foresiter, true child of impulse, forgets all earthly and prudential objections to an attachment upon which "the higher intelligences" must smile; he evidently believes that matches are made in heaven, and consents to perform the marriage service clandestinely. This is almost the last act of his life. Within a few days Alfred is summoned to the death-bed of his friend. On his way, he falls under suspicion of having murdered a gamekeeper, and is arrested, tried, and sentenced with surprisingly convenient rapidity. His philosophy does not desert him in the condemned cell; and, rather than accuse the real murderer, he resigns himself to his doom with a calm fatalism which is rather incomprehensible, and must have been eminently unsatisfactory to his wife. The last act of the drama is a reluctant concession to the depraved taste of the novel-reading public, including a sensation ride by Lady Agnes on a restive horse, and a reprieve of her husband on the scaffold, ending with a grand tableau representing the victory of innocence and virtue. Alfred Winter is proved to be Lord Wincliffe by the testimony of the penitent ruffian from whose hands he had formerly rescued Lady Agnes—thus confirming Elia's theory of blue blood latent beneath a sooty skin—and makes a triumphal entry into the home of his ancestors, to the last moment pouring forth floods of sentimental morality amid crowds of applauding tenants. Thus we lose sight of a singularly uninteresting hero and heroine. In reading the history of their loves and sermons, one finds it easy to realize the sensations of a schoolboy newly promoted to Thucydides, who has just discovered that it is a highly meritorious performance to write a sentence without a verb, and that bold originality in grammar, hitherto mainly associated with the memory of bodily suffering, is to be treated with respect as the index of a great mind. Phrases and constructions constantly occur which it would surely be unjust and untrue to pass over as mere ordinary inaccuracies. Nothing less than a radical eccentricity of mental constitution and a complete separation from the common educated intelligence can account for the complication of a sentence like the following:—"I have such a horror of that Mrs. Blite, and, if she were to marry under age, Agnes's fortune would be forfeited to herself." Which lady is to be married, and who is to forfeit a fortune, can only be understood from the context. We feel tempted to exclaim—

But who's Pretender is, and who the King,
God bless us all, that's quite another thing.

The final cause of the book seems to be the diffusion of a mild lady-like form of theology, animated by a chastened spirit of pious curiosity, condemned to constant inquiry, without the slightest chance or expectation of an answer. If wonder is the source of all knowledge, the author ought to be a person of most ponderous erudition; but his curiosity is unfortunately seldom sustained long enough even to seek a solution of the curious problems which start forth, armed at all points, from his aching brain.

The naming of his characters is confessedly a difficult task for the novelist; and where many eminent writers have failed, it would be unreasonable to expect success in *Not Quite the Thing*. The names of Blite and Mushroom have already been mentioned, and we need only add that other prominent persons are, Mr. Vaultup, a hunting clergyman, and the vicar, Mr. Foresiter, whose name is apparently intended to represent a modern Prometheus. A novelist has a perfect right to christen the offspring of his brain with descriptive names if he pleases. It is an easy way to give his readers a peep behind the scenes before the curtain rises; and the most serious objection to the practice is that, like the lavish use of adjectives, it is apt to become a convenient screen for mere indolence or for want of dramatic power. It is much easier to call a man Blite or Foresiter than to sketch and fill up a truthful and harmonious picture of character, capable of telling its own story without a title painted at the bottom. A good deal of humour is, however, often suggested by these descriptive names, in the hands of a real master of language, such as Thackeray. Now and then, in their very best form, a spark of genius glitters around them, adding a zest and piquancy to the author's conception, so as to summon up whole scenes before us as the natural following and adjunct of a single name. Such instances are rare exceptions; but, at any rate, one limitation, too often neglected, is indispensable to all writers who venture upon this debatable ground. The component parts of the name may be grotesque, ridiculous, or disgusting, even to

excess; but the name, as a whole, must not be utterly incongruous with the position of its owner, or entirely removed from the analogies of the language in sound and formation. The imagination recoils from the possibility of a Rev. Mr. Vaultup, but we find no difficulty in accepting the names of Cantwell and Allworthy. As wholes they are satisfactory and unpretentious, their formation is simple and not impossible, and we trouble ourselves no further about them. In nine cases out of ten, however, it is both safer and more artistic to be content with simply unmeaning names. A writer of conscious power will allow his readers to form their own conclusions as to the nature of the conceptions which it has been his object to put forward; he will trust his characters to speak for themselves; and if any subtle indication of their peculiarities is allowed to escape in the names bestowed upon them, it will be of a nature to remind us suggestively of what we once enjoyed—a clue by which to gather up many threads now lost, rather than an obvious anticipation of what is to come.

One more question of some interest is naturally suggested by the shortcomings of *Not Quite the Thing*. Religious, political, and social novels now fill the most frivolous libraries. It is very seldom now-a-days that we can enjoy the true luxury of reading a novel absolutely without a moral, or can expect an evening's amusement without being bored with points of view and theories—probably enough about bigamy or lunacy—but still theories, and, as such, intruders which the prudent author will do well to keep within reasonable bounds. What limit can satisfactorily be put to this sermonizing? In novels written professedly to enforce a definite moral, it is unreasonable to complain if the avowed object of the author is made a central point to which all the interest of the story attaches. *Vanitas Vanitatum* is never out of season in whatever Thackeray wrote; the text may be dwelt upon with wearisome iteration, but as a real text, and a key to the mind of the author, we are bound to acquiesce in it. So, whoever reads *Lost and Saved* must expect to hear a good deal about the rights of woman. But we may fairly complain if a book is not true to its colours. A novel pure and simple is a good thing; a novel with a purpose is occasionally good also; but the mixture of the two—the book which, without any special end in view, does a little promiscuous preaching by the way—is probably the most noxious existence in the world of print. The smallest child resents the injustice of being at once flogged and lectured.

JOHN WINTHROP.*

THIS volume lays claim to the sympathies of readers on both sides of the Atlantic, furnishing as it does new materials with regard to the early life and character of one of the leading men in that strong and conscientious band who impressed so much of the best qualities of the Englishman upon the American mind in the old Colonial days. The public career of John Winthrop, as first Governor and real founder of the State of Massachusetts, has been depicted by every historian of the early fortunes of the Republic. His own journals and correspondence have sufficiently set before the world the external actions and commanding policy of the man; and the pages of Bancroft and Palfrey, in particular, do ample justice to his remarkable force of mind and character, and to the wisdom, justice, and moderation of his rule. The present work is of a more directly personal nature, and in point of time may be regarded as a preface or introduction to that portion of his biography with which we have already been made familiar. His own more systematic or official journal begins March 29, 1630—the date of the sailing of the *Lady Arbella*, one of seventeen vessels having on board the first emigrants, nearly 1,500 souls—and contains an accurate and detailed record of the affairs of the infant colony to January 11, 1648–9, the year of his death. The original MS. of that history was divided into three books. The first two books were entrusted for publication by his descendants to the care of Governor Trumbull, in 1790. The third book—passing through the hands of Mr. Prince, while compiling his *Annals*—came into the custody of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and was published at length in 1825–6, with copious illustrative notes by Mr. James Savage, in the form of a complete *History of New England*. The present work, completing the series of his memoirs, sprang out of a pilgrimage made in the year 1857 by one of the patriarch's descendants, Mr. Robert C. Winthrop, to the ancestral home of the family at Groton, in Suffolk. The sight of the tomb which yet bore his forefathers' names, of the church wherein they worshipped, and of the still traceable ruins of their manorial-house—joined with the yet lingering tradition of their presence, which somewhat scandalously spoke of the emigrants as "regicides," and hinted at treasure buried by them there before their "flight" to America—determined him to undertake the task of rendering filial justice to his progenitors by putting together the available materials of their family history. His labours towards this praiseworthy end were shortly afterwards greatly facilitated by his coming into possession of a very large collection of papers—almost embarrassing, indeed, in their wealth of information—which enabled him to trace the Winthrops as men of mark four centuries and a half beyond the time when the greatest of the race exchanged their primeval seat for a freer home beyond the seas. In not a few instances the Editor

* *Life and Letters of John Winthrop*. By R. C. Winthrop. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1864.

has been able to verify and supplement the notices thus acquired out of official documents, as well as from published county and family histories. On the Rolls of Court of the county of York for A.D. 1200, there is a record which begins with the name of "Robert de Winetorp." The name of "I. Winethorp" is found seven years later in a similar record for the county of Lincoln. *Thorpe*, it need scarcely be said, corresponding to the Dutch word *Dorp*, is the Saxon name of a village. Of the prefix "*Win*," or "*Wine*," more than one signification has been proposed, as the root may be supposed to indicate "war, strength, the masculine temper," or "dear, beloved, pleasant," if not that more direct allusion to the juice of the grape which may be thought to connect it with either class of qualities. Mr. Bowditch, the American writer on surnames, is probably not far out in the theory that "Winthrop" means simply a pleasant "winsome" village. An old pedigree traces the family "anciently" to Northumberland, then to a village called Winthorpe near Newark, whence they "came up to London and owned Maribone (Marylebone) Park," and afterwards went to "Groton, in Suffolk, where they lived many years." Cotton Mather, the writer of the *Magnalia*, one of a family intimately connected with the Winthrops, and himself a close friend of Wait-Still Winthrop, Chief Justice of the Superior Court of Massachusetts (1708-17), makes mention of three generations of gentlemen and scholars who bore the name of Adam Winthrop. The first Adam, "a worthy, a discreet, and a learned gentleman," was "particularly eminent for skill in the law, nor without remark for love to the gospel, under the reign of King Henry VIII." To a brother of his the martyr Philpot is said to have committed his papers. The second, a wealthy clothier and a distinguished member of the Clothworkers' Company—*vir pius et veræ religionis amans*—having incurred the penalty of imprisonment and a fine of 600*l.* for illegal "negotiation with foreigners," and for the freedom of his opinions in politics and religion, was consoled by the grant of the lordship of the dissolved Abbey of Groton, and the arms and dignity of an esquire. His portrait, ascribed to Holbein—one of the heirlooms of the family—is engraved in the volume before us. At his house in "Gracious" (Gracechurch) Street was born his son Adam, the father of the subject of this memoir. This last Adam, auditor of Trinity and St. John's Colleges, Cambridge, a bit of an antiquarian and poet, had for his first wife a sister of Dr. John Still, Master of Trinity, and afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells. And John Winthrop, "borne on Thursday about 5 of the clocke in the morning the 12 daie of January anno 1587" (January 22, 1588, N.S.), was his only son by his second wife Anne, daughter of Henry Browne, clothier of Edwardston—*femina quæ Christum corde gerebat herum*. So speaks the poetical old Latin pedigree.

The diary of Adam Winthrop presents us with all kinds of queer details of country life at Groton, together with incidental notices of his son's early history. From it his descendants have been enabled to establish the fact, previously a matter of vague surmise, that John Winthrop was a member of the University of Cambridge, having entered at Trinity College the 8th of December, 1602, before completing his fifteenth year. It was doubtless his lingering attachment to *Alma Mater* which caused that venerable institution to be reproduced by name under his auspices, and by the bounty of another of her undoubted children, John Harvard, thirty years later, on the soil of New England. From his own recorded "Christian Experiences," we gain glimpses of character which give us the idea of a youth of singular promise, with strong passions and fits of religious enthusiasm, alternately breaking out into wild excesses and grovelling in the depths of self-abasement. Some allowance may be made for the language in which a man of his peculiar temperament, deeply imbued with the theology of the time, would naturally vent his sense of his own backslidings and shortcomings. He was, he tells us, "very lowly disposed, and inclining unto and attempting (so far as his heart enabled him) all kinds of wickedness, except swearing and scorning religion." When we learn that at ten years of age he "found manifest answer" to his prayers, and two years later felt that he had "more understanding in divinity than his fellows," we might think that he was not altogether in a hopeless way. But it was in the nature of his severe manhood, fortified by stern Puritan discipline, to magnify every peccadillo of his hot youth into a deed of deadly wickedness. To other eyes than his own he seemed a paragon of uprightness and decorum. He was a justice of the peace at eighteen years of age, by which time moreover he was a husband and a father, being, as "his parents conceived" him, "a man in stature and understanding." His wife, Mary Forth, died within eleven years of their marriage, leaving him six children, the eldest of whom, John, became afterwards the first Governor of Connecticut. A second marriage with Thomasine, daughter of William Clopton, proved even less auspicious, being cut short by her death within a year and a day. There is much power and pathos in the somewhat lengthy outpourings in which the soul of the mourner seeks expression for its "experiences," dwelling with minute and almost morbid particularity upon the symptoms and sayings, the wandering thoughts and delirious fancies, the "temptations of the enemy," the parting words, the passing bell, the last sighs and tears. His was, however, a nature far too warm and domestic to be reconciled to a perpetual blank, and it is no derogation from the glowing tribute he pays to her memory that in less than two years we find her place filled by a third spouse.

The minute diary from which his editor quotes at somewhat wearisome length is less abundant in historical facts than in the records of the inward conflicts of a spirit wanting a field

for healthful exercise and secretly preying upon itself. Until the political troubles of the time, and the pressure which began to tell upon those of his way of thinking in religion, brought him a call to more vigorous action and opened to him a new and wider career, his strength of character seems to have spent itself in the effort of self-discipline, and in subduing the natural impulse to energetic and stirring and even passionate action. His ascetic temper of mind having "loaded his conscience with much shame" at "following idle and vaine pastimes," there is an amusing mixture of the scholarly habits of his early training in the categorical correctness with which Winthrop sets down the scruples which induced him to give up in future the practice of shooting:—

Findings by much examination that ordinary shootinge in a gunne, etc.: could not stande wth a good conscience in my selfe, as first, for that it is simply prohibited by the lawe of the land, upon this grounde amongst others, that it spoiles more of the creatures then it getts; 2 it procures offence unto manye; 3 it wastes great store of tyme; 4 it toyles a mans bodye overmuch; 5 it endangers a mans life, etc; 6 it brings no profite all things considered; 7 it hazards more of a mans estate by the penaltie of it, then a man would willingly parte with; 8 it brings a man of worth & godlines into some contempt:—lastly for mine owne parte I have ever binne crossed in usinge it, for when I have gone about it not wthout some woudes of conscience, & have taken muche paynes & hazarded my healtie, I have gotten sometimes a verye little but most comonly nothinge at all towards my cost & labour:

Therefore I have resolved & covenanted wth the Lorde to give over altogether shootinge at the creeke, &—for killinge of birds, etc.: either to leave that altogether or els to use it, bothe verye seldome & verye secretly. God (if he please) can giue me fowle by some other meanes, but if he will not, yet, in that it is [his] will who loves me, it is sufficient to uphold my resolution.

There is a touch of that characteristic blending of shrewd sense with pietistic fervour which has been at all times common with the Puritan, in the reason which finally clenches the chain of this godly reasoning. "Bad luck with his gun," as his editor candidly remarks, "though the last reason assigned, may have given the original impulse to much of this philosophy about shooting." The Governor was evidently not a good shot in his youth. Nor did his renunciations of the minor kinds of social recreation stop here. Being admonished about the same time, "by a Christian freinde, that some good men were offended to heare of some gaminge w^{as} used" in his house by his servants, "I resolved," he says, "that as for my selfe not to use any cardings, etc, so for others to repress it as much as I could, during the continuance of my present state, & if God bringe me once to be whollye by my selfe, then to banishe all together." A dozen years later, he enumerates among the benefits which he reaped from a "hote malign^t fever," which he had in London, "deliverance from the bondage whereinto I was fallen; by the immoderate use & love of Tobacco, so as I gave it cleane over." Hitherto the worthy man had not only found an innocent solace in his "pype," but had shown himself no inept judge of the quality of the article smoked. His son Henry had made a voyage to the West Indies in the spring or summer of 1627, had established himself there as a planter of tobacco, and had, it appears, sent over specimens of the produce for distribution among divers friends, probably with the hope of obtaining patronage at home. "But," writes his father in acknowledging the receipt of his sample, "I found, by the rolls you sent to me and to your uncles, that it was very ill-conditioned, foul, and full of stalks, and evil colored; and your uncle Fones, taking the judgment of divers grocers, none of them would give five shillings a pound for it." This youth seems to have been from the first somewhat of a thorn in his father's side, to judge from the oburgation contained in the same letter concerning his "vain overreaching mind," which will surely be the cause of his "overthrow," if he "attain not more discretion and moderation" with his years.

We should hardly know all this time, but for a chance allusion here and there, that Winthrop met with success in his practice of the law, and held the lucrative office of Attorney to the Court of Wards and Liveries, besides drawing numerous draughts of bills for Parliament. He vacated this office in 1629—whether deprived of it on account of his opposition to the Government or of his marked religious sympathies, does not appear. But the tone of his diary about that time prepares us for the great step which he was shortly to take. The only document of a public kind here published among his remains is the paper of "General Considerations for the Plantation of New England, with an Answer to several Objections." The copy is fuller and apparently more accurate than that included in Hutchinson's Collection. Upon this was based the memorable agreement entered into at Cambridge by twelve of the leading friends of Massachusetts, John Winthrop's name standing the ninth, to embark for New England. Some of these "reasons" might serve as a hint to pessimists of the present day, that things are not so much worse now than they were in the good old times:—

This Land grows weary of her Inhabitants, soe as man, whoe is the most pretious of all creatures, is here more vile & base then the earth we treade upon, & of lesse prise among us then an horse or a sheepe; masters are forced by authority to entertaine servants, parents to maintaine thre owne children, all townes complaine of the burthen of thaire poore, though we have taken up many unnesessarie yea unlawfull trades to maintaine them, & we use the authoritie of the Law to hinder the increase of o^r people, as by urginge the Statute against Cottages, & inmates, & thus it is come to passe, that children, servants & neighbours, especially if they be poore, are counted the greatest burthens, w^{ch} if things were right would be the chiefest earthly blessings.

The Editor seems to hint at the possibility of a further instalment of the work being at some future time forthcoming. With

the present mass of materials, however, to fill up the only existing gap in the personal history of its subject, it is not easy to see what attraction can be expected to attend any additional particulars of the same kind. Memoirs of this description are too full of mere effusions of subjective feeling to please the collector of antiquarian or biographical facts, while they are too special and domestic to be of much value for the purposes of general history.

THREE YEARS' SLAVERY IN PATAGONIA.*

A MAN who for more than three years has lived upon roots and raw offal, has gone about without a rag of clothing, has been beaten and ill-used by savages, and has passed every hour in mortal terror of a cruel and agonizing death, may be pardoned for neglect of the niceties of style and for any lack of literary power. M. Guinnard has gone through horrors which might very well have driven him into jabbering idiocy, and it is therefore a just ground of thankfulness that they have only made him a bald and unattractive writer. His sufferings have succeeded in blunting even the pointed neatness of the French language itself, and we look in vain for any traces of that felicity of expression which it must be very difficult for anybody who writes French to avoid falling into, whether he will or not. The arrangement of facts is as confused as the style is unattractive. The names and political relations of the various tribes, their habits and manners, and the details of the author's personal sufferings, are all jumbled up together in a strangely tedious way. All this bluntness of writing, moreover, has not the only quality which could reconcile us to it—the art, namely, of making the narrative seem more credible or trustworthy. Throughout M. Guinnard's book we are reminded, by its absence, of Mungo Park's admirable simplicity, combined as it was with a great deal of tenderness and rough poetry. However, M. Guinnard's adventures are sufficiently extraordinary to prevent us from quarrelling with him on the ground of his literary defects. Perhaps, on the whole, it is better that a traveller should write his own narrative, however uncouthly, than that he should have it doctored by some "literary gentleman" more familiar than himself with grammar and with the cant and tricks of the current style.

M. Guinnard found himself at three-and-twenty in the position of most young men at that age, both in France and England—with a good deal of ambition, but no money; and he could think of no better means of attaining the desired wealth and position than by emigrating to South America. So he embarked at Havre, on his way to Montevideo. On his arrival, he found that city, as it generally seems to be, in a state of civil war; that is to say, it was in the hands of the black troops, who passed the day in fusillades and street fights as the best way of correcting the disorderly outrages which they had themselves been engaged in perpetrating during the night. To make a fortune here seemed rather more impossible than in Paris or Lyons, so M. Guinnard very wisely took his departure, and after exploring the various districts of the Argentine Confederation without detecting any opening for French enterprise, he determined to set out for Rosario, a great rendezvous of Europeans, lying on the banks of the La Plata, north-west of Buenos Ayres. He accidentally struck up an acquaintance with an Italian who, like himself, had come to make his fortune, but as yet had been unsuccessful, and who had also determined to make for Rosario. So they made a common stock of their funds, bought arms, ammunition, and a scanty supply of provisions, and set out on foot, and without a guide, through the Pampas. M. Guinnard calls his book *Three Years of Slavery among the Patagonians*, but in fact he was never in Patagonia itself, the whole of his route lying in the vast tract which stretches north of Patagonia from the Andes to the coast, and which is commonly called the Pampas of Buenos Ayres. The miseries of the two travellers soon began. The day after their departure, the rain came down in a torrent, accompanied by a freezing wind. For four whole days during which the storm lasted their only resting-place was the soaked earth. They could not light a fire, and their powder, on which alone they could rely for food, was all but spoiled. Then they were nearly drowned by the bursting of water into a cave where they were sleeping. They suffered agonies in their feet, which were torn by stones and thorns, and the wounds caused by the stones and thorns were aggravated by a keen frost. Their provisions failed, and the pains of hunger were added to those of cold, of ulcerated wounds, and of fatigue. They were forced to eat earth and foul roots, which were revolting to the palate and made them horribly ill. They were at times delirious, and at times they meditated self-destruction. One day they espied a herd of gamas, and rushed upon them with all the ardour that was left them. They struck one of the animals, and reckoned themselves sure of their booty, when, to their horror and affright, they perceived in the distance a party of Indians evidently on the track of prey, whether man or brute. The travellers were lucky enough to escape unobserved into an adjoining cave. Here they remained two days, almost paralysed with terror, till on the third day hunger became stronger than fear, and they ventured outside. They were lucky enough to hit a gama, and M. Guinnard had just got it across his shoulders when in a moment a horde of Indians sprung up on all sides as if by enchantment, and surrounded them, making hideous noises and brandishing their lances and lassoes. The author and his companion knew that they had no mercy to expect from these

ferocious beings; so, clasping their hands, and with mutual exhortations, they fired upon the foremost of the enemy. The defence was in vain, and the whole band rushed in upon them. The wretched Italian fell dead to the ground, pierced with a hundred wounds. M. Guinnard was hit in the centre of the forehead with a sort of stone bullet, which laid him insensible on the ground. The Indians were at first disposed to make an end of him without further parley, but one of them, judging that a man who was so hard to kill would make a useful slave, opposed the general design, and, having stripped his miserable prisoner, bound his hands behind his back, and then placed him on a horse, fastening him tightly on by his legs. M. Guinnard's sufferings now began in real earnest, and all his past misery seemed trifling in comparison. For days he was carried along with the tribe, still, like Maseppa, tied to the back of the horse; his wounds kept bleeding, he suffered frightful tortures from his bonds, and he could not eat. At last they reached the head-quarters of the tribe, where the savages crowded round him with ferocious curiosity, and, as his captor recounted the resistance which they had met with, they seemed unable to restrain their vengeance. M. Guinnard could only explain their self-control on the theory that they intended to reserve him for some great religious festival of the tribe. They threw him a piece of raw horse-flesh, which he was fain to eat, and left him to dress his wounds, which he did "without any assistance save the Divine will and some herbs."

His existence henceforth became monotonous enough. The savages kept guard over him with the most watchful jealousy, never permitting him to be out of sight for a moment. They would allow him to wear no clothes. He had no food which to a civilized man could be other than loathsome, consisting as it did for the most part of raw kidneys, clotted blood, and unsavoury roots. The writer tells us how, with a piece of uncooked offal in his hand, each mouthful of which he had to dispute with famishing dogs quarrelling and snarling around him, he often used to think of the difference between this ignoble meal and the European dinner-table, well-appointed, covered with linen of dazzling whiteness, with rich earthenware and sparkling glass, "autour de laquelle nos heureux d'Europe, dégustant avec insouciance les mets les plus délicats et les vins les plus généreux, font assaut de saillies spirituelles et de doux propos." Unwholesome food was not by any means his worst grievance. Sometimes the Indians would dream that he was running away, and, interpreting the dream as a special message from the gods to warn them, would rush out of their tents in the dead of night and overwhelm their wretched captive with blows and abuse. The children especially delighted in all kinds of cruelties. They would hurl pointed stones at him out of their slings, or when on horseback would catch him in the lasso and drag him along at full speed. And under these and a hundred other forms of torture he was obliged to feign the liveliest happiness, and to pretend to be as heartily amused as his tormentors; for on one occasion, finding him in tears at the thought of his desperate position, their fury knew no bounds, and they fell upon him with such rage that he was left almost dead. It would have given rather a healthier tone to the meditations of Jean-Jacques Rousseau or Bernardin de St. Pierre if they could have had the experience of M. Guinnard for a couple of months, and been brought face to face with that primitive humanity and simple sweetness from which, according to them, what is falsely called civilization has so mischievously degenerated. M. Guinnard did not pass the whole of the three years in the hands of one tribe, but was sold from one to another, generally for some very paltry consideration. His treatment was much the same throughout.

He has recorded very amply the habits of each tribe, and has furnished a large number of words from their vocabularies. As might be expected, the inhabitants of the Pampas, although bearing different names and recognising different chiefs, resemble one another pretty closely in their general mode of life. They are all in the lowest stage of barbarism, and we naturally therefore find among them the ideas which have marked all the nations in the same stage of whom we have any knowledge. The women, for instance, are slaves. Marriage is a matter of bargain and sale. The husband can punish his wife's infidelity as well as the sin of her accomplice by death, but as a rule he prefers to condone the wrong for some valuable consideration. Other wrongs likewise are capable of being atoned for by payment. Like almost all barbarians, the Patagonians are deceitful, given to thieving, drunkards whenever they have the opportunity, and intensely superstitious. They recognise two deities—the Great Man, whom they respect and revere as the creator of all good things, and the God of all ill. There are also among them diviners—both men and women—who, like the famous oracle of antiquity, have the power of throwing themselves into violent convulsions. The trade is not very flourishing, owing to the fact that some time ago several of them were massacred by the chiefs for predicting what never came to pass. Notwithstanding this disrespectful treatment of their priests, the Patagonians never eat or drink without praying to the Great Man, and offering to him the first portion. Turning to the sun, which is sent to cheer man by the Good Being, the worshipper tears off a piece of meat, and pours on the earth a few drops of water, accompanying the action with a regular formula, of which M. Guinnard gives us the original words as well as the translation:—

Oh père, Grand Homme, roi de cette terre, fais-moi faveur, cher ami, tous les jours, d'une bonne nourriture, de la bonne eau, d'un bon sommeil; je suis pauvre moi; as-tu faim, voilà un mauvais-manger; mange si tu veux

* *Trois Ans d'Esclavage chez les Patagons.* Par A. Guinnard. Paris: P. Brunet. 1864.

They appear not to have reached the civilized conception even of death; in fact they are unable to form the idea that anybody really dies. They fancy that their friend has grown weary of this world, and, anxious to see other regions known to him only, leaves them for this purpose. Accordingly, they humour him, and adorning him with all that he most valued, they place him on his favourite horse, whose left fore-leg they break in order that its forced genuflexions may add to the gloom of the ceremony. After his friends, his wives, and all the women of the tribe have bewailed him, and reproached him with his ingratitude in deserting them, he is duly buried at the top of some high hill, several horses and sheep being slain and buried with him to serve as food during his journey. Although tobacco is procured with difficulty, these savages are tremendous smokers. They never smoke tobacco alone, but always mix it either with horse-dung or dried meat. When the pipe is alight, the smokers throw themselves prone upon the ground, and each in turn takes seven or eight whiffs as fast as possible, retaining the smoke as long as their strength will endure, until, almost suffocated, they are forced to let it escape. The effect is frightful. Of their eyes only the white is visible, and these organs dilate to such an extent that they seem ready to start out of the sockets; they are seized with a fit of convulsive trembling in all their limbs, and emit terrific snorts. This condition is the height of Patagonian bliss, and "is the object of their most respectful sympathies." To speak to a man in this state of ecstasy would be an unpardonable insult, and the best thing you can do is to bring a horn full of cold water and place it in silence at his side.

But to return to M. Guinnard's personal history. The treatment which he received did not change with change of masters until he came into the possession of Calfoucourah, a venerable chief who was the head of the whole tribe. Calfoucourah, who seems somehow or other to have got a tincture of civilization, took a liking to his white captive and allowed him numerous privileges—among them that of wearing an old ragged mantle round his loins. But even the mantle did not reconcile M. Guinnard to his position, and he never ceased to ponder over means of escape, for Calfoucourah's friendship was not so great as to produce any relaxation of the vigilance with which the prisoner was guarded. But at length deliverance came to M. Guinnard in the shape of sundry kegs of brandy which Urquiza, the Dictator or President of the adjoining republic of La Plata, had sent as a token of his friendship for his savage neighbours. Calfoucourah and his friends, as was natural, had a terrific debauch, and while they were lying on the ground mad and blind with drink, their captive mounted one of the swiftest horses in the camp, and with two others by way of relay set out to ride for his life. The orgy and the consequent stupefaction lasted so long that he had an ample start, and after twelve days of ceaseless riding, worn out with fatigue, hunger, and terror, he reached the town of Rio Quinto. We need not follow the author any further. There are three more chapters in his book which he would have done better to omit. They are very tame and unimportant, and, coming in at the end of an exciting and extraordinary narrative, by no means improve the effect. M. Guinnard is no artist, but for all that his book is full of highly interesting matter.

HAGENBACH ON THE RHESUS.*

THE pamphlet before us is, we believe, the last contribution to the literature of a subject which has divided the learned world since the days of Scaliger. The list of authors who have written on the *Rhesus* occupies two full pages of M. Hagenbach's brochure, and includes the names of Valckenar, Böckh, Lachmann, Hermann, and A. Schlegel. M. Hagenbach gives a summary of their opinions, and adds some arguments of his own. It is amusing to trace in the controversy the same alternation between the old and new views which has marked the discussion of the Homeric question. Most of the critics in the earlier part of the century follow Scaliger in denying the assertion of the argument prefixed to the play, that it was the work of Euripides. But here their agreement ends. Who was the author, when did he live, what are the main features which distinguish his style from that of Euripides, are questions on which they display the utmost diversity. Lachmann, led probably by metrical considerations, assigned it to a pupil of Æschylus, and considered it contemporary with the *Medea*. Böckh supposed it was written by the younger Euripides, a nephew of the poet—an opinion which he subsequently withdrew. Hermann ascribed it to an Alexandrian poet under the first Ptolemies. Schlegel thought it the work of an imitator of Sophocles—an opinion countenanced by the words of the argument before mentioned. Ottfried Müller and Matthiæ so far agree with this view as to allow the *Rhesus* to belong to the best period of Greek drama. Thus far the sceptics. A reaction in favour of the old view set in with the publication of Vater's *Vindiciæ* in 1837. This work, though much has been written since its appearance, still remains the most comprehensive treatise on the question. Unfortunately it is rather one-sided, and too often supplies the want of positive arguments by general remarks on the merits of Euripides, the beauties of the *Rhesus*, &c. Vater's main position, however, may be stated as follows—(1.) The general style and metres of the play are not unlike those of Euripides, whilst the frequent allusions to *σοφοί*, the occasional *sententiæ*, the fondness for lengthy dialogues

between two interlocutors, and the verses in praise of an unmarried life are distinctly in the style of that author; (2.) Granting that these internal considerations would not have justified us in assigning the play to Euripides had it come down to us as a *drama adespota*, still the weight of external testimony is strongly in favour of this view. Grammarians and manuscripts are alike agreed, and we have no sufficient reason for doubting them. Nor is it difficult to fix the date of its composition. In the speech which begins at l. 962, the Muse speaks of the deification of Rhesus in Thrace:—

κρυπτός δ' ἐν ἀντροῖς τῆς ὑπαγέτου χθονὸς
ἀνθρωποδαίμων κείσεται βλίστων φάος.

Now, the Athenians under Hagnon founded Amphipolis, and at the same time transferred the bones of Rhesus from Troy to the Strymon, Ol. 85.4, B.C. 437. To this year or the next we must refer the play.

We must confess ourselves wholly unconvinced by Vater's arguments. To begin with the last of them, it is at once clear that at the best it is utterly uncertain. Such allusive references to public events, even when sanctioned by the authority of scholia, are too dim to allow of anything being built upon them. In this case the conjecture is due to Vater's ingenuity alone, and, so far from receiving any confirmation from the ancients, is in direct opposition to the statement of the scholiast at l. 524. The grammarian Crates is there quoted as explaining a supposed mistake about the constellations by the fact that Euripides composed the *Rhesus* whilst still young. Euripides was born in 480 B.C., and, if Vater's hypothesis be true, must have been between forty and fifty when the *Rhesus* was brought out. To call him young at that age is mere special pleading. Vater's second argument deserves more particular consideration. He lays great stress on the testimony of antiquity. But that even this testimony was not uniform is proved by the words of the argument mentioned before. "Some suppose the drama spurious, holding it not to be by Euripides, for it betrays rather the style of Sophocles. However, it is entered as genuine in the Didascalie, and the curious learning about the heavenly bodies in it betokens Euripides." The author of the argument adds that two prologues were in circulation—one mentioned by the grammarian Dicæarchus; the second in a prosaic style unworthy of Euripides, and probably made up by the players. From this we learn (1.) that the *Rhesus* was not universally considered genuine; (2.) that, however, a play by Euripides called *Rhesus* did exist in the Didascalie; (3.) that there was no certain prologue to the play. The Didascalie, as is well known, were lists of dramas, with their name, date, and author, compiled by grammarians or other learned men, especially the critics of Alexandria and Pergamus. Aristotle, Callimachus, Dicæarchus, Aristophanes of Byzantium, and Crates are among the more celebrated of these compilers. These lists were based upon the information supplied by the tripods given as prizes to the victorious tragedian, and were probably drawn up with care. We have, therefore, no reason to doubt that Euripides did write a *Rhesus*. Whether that was the play which has come down to us is another question. We must do Vater the justice of confessing that the grammarians, so far as their statements go, appear to have thought it was. For instance, Crates would not have accounted for the supposed mistake in l. 524 by saying that it was written when Euripides was young, if he had doubted whether it was written by Euripides at all. Similarly, the criticism on l. 41, *ὅτι οὐκ ἔστιν Εὐριπίδης*, could only come from some one who accepted the *whole* play as genuine. It does not follow, however, that the *Rhesus* is the genuine work of Euripides because the weight of the grammarians' testimony is on that side. As we have already seen, there were some who doubted. The mere existence of such a doubt is very significant. When we consider how cautious the Alexandrian critics were in their judgment upon Homer—for the great question of the Homeric controversy is essentially a modern one—we can hardly help feeling that their criticism did not go very deep, and that evidence which satisfied them would be thought unsatisfactory now. In the infancy of criticism the sphere of doubt was comparatively limited. Its existence, therefore, becomes more significant in proportion as it is more rare. Those "some" who doubted the genuineness of the *Rhesus* had, we may be sure, good reason for doing so—perhaps external evidence no longer accessible, certainly internal data of which we are probably as good judges as they. This brings us to the first of Vater's arguments—the agreement of the play in some essential particulars with others of Euripides. It is to this point that M. Hagenbach has mainly devoted his attention. He examines the question under the three heads of plot, metre, and diction.

The plot of the *Rhesus* differs from that of every other extant Greek tragedy in being taken directly from the *Iliad*. It is, in fact, the tenth book, or Doloneia, cast into a dramatic shape, with such slight alterations as seemed necessary. In outline it is as follows. The Trojan night sentinels, observing an unusual commotion among the Greeks, wake Hector, who, by the advice of Æneas, despatches Dolon in the disguise of a wolf to reconnoitre the enemy's camp. Meanwhile Rhesus, King of Thrace, the son of the river-god Strymon and the muse Terpsichore, arrives at Troy and offers his services to Hector, excusing his past delay on the plea of a Scythian expedition, and boasting that he will soon finish the war. In the interval, Dolon has been caught by Ulysses and Diomed, who, learning from him the watchword, enter the Trojan camp with the intention of surprising Hector. Not

* *De Rheso, Tragedia dissertatio Philologica, scripsit Fridericus Hagenbach.* Basle: 1863.

finding him, they attack and slay Rhesus, whose white horses Athena has pointed out to them as a splendid prize. By this time the Trojans are aroused, and Ulysses only escapes by knowing the watchword. Then the wounded charioteer of Rhesus gives an account of what has happened, charging Hector with treachery, and refusing to believe his protestations of good faith, till at last Hector orders him to be carried away. This is the point for the appearance of the *deus ex machina*. Terpsichore is seen carrying the body of her son in her arms. At first she blames Ulysses and Diomed as the authors of her son's death; but afterwards turns upon Athena, upbraiding her with ingratitude to the Muses, who had always honoured her favourite city, Athens. However, as some consolation, Rhesus is to receive divine honours after death, and the speech ends with the sentiment that it is better not to marry than to have children who die. M. Hagenbach condemns this plot as frigid and deficient in interest. It is certainly not well suited for tragedy, and some critics have gone so far as to rank it with the *Alcestis*, as one of those plays which, from their being only half-tragic, were sometimes substituted for the regular satiric drama. But though not very tragic, the *Rhesus* does not, like the *Alcestis*, end happily; and if the concluding speech of the Muse is less pathetic than might be expected, this is owing to the difficulty of the subject, and is no part of the poet's design. To us the plot appears sufficiently lively, and there is a vein of true poetry running through the choruses which is not unworthy of the best days of Attic tragedy. Compared with at least one of the plays of Euripides, it holds a respectable position. Indeed, it is in the absence of a prologue that the *Rhesus* differs most conspicuously from other Greek tragedies. Yet even this has a parallel in the *Persæ* and *Supplices* of Æschylus, and the *Iphigenia in Aulis* of Euripides, and may have happened in some others of the many tragedies no longer preserved. The statement of the scholiast that two prologues to the *Rhesus* were in circulation perhaps only implies, as Mr. Paley suggests, that the absence of a prologue was unusual, and that attempts had been made to supply the supposed deficiency.

If now we turn to metrical considerations, we find in the *Rhesus* an elaborate care which belongs to the earlier period of tragedy. The resolution of a long syllable into two short ones in the iambic trimeter is rare in Æschylus and Sophocles, and only becomes frequent in the later plays of Euripides. Thus the *Helena*, which was brought out B.C. 412, contains 390 resolutions; the *Orestes*, B.C. 408, has 569; whilst the *Medea*, one of the earliest plays, has only 72. The *Rhesus* contains only 60, and the trimeter is never distributed between two speakers—a practice common in the later period. On the other hand, the admission of an ithyphallic verse in the middle of a dactylic strophe, as well as at the end, is considered by Westphal and Rosbach to be post-Euripidean. On the subject of diction, M. Hagenbach has spent much trouble. He has drawn up five catalogues to illustrate the question. The first of these contains 150 words not found in Sophocles, and M. Hagenbach infers that the *Rhesus* could not have been written, as Gruppe supposes, by him. The second contains a number of words and phrases which are either *παλαιολόγια*, or not found elsewhere in the Tragedians. Amongst these is the remarkable use of *ἀνα* addressed to a man, against the invariable custom which confined it to a god. The three last are lists of words and sentences from Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides respectively, which are also found in the *Rhesus*. The Æschylean list is the smallest; the number of words in Sophocles and Euripides is about equal, if we take seven plays of the latter as equivalent to the Sophoclean seven. The fact that the largest number of words is found in the later plays of Euripides seems to point to some one who was familiar with the whole collection. But, in fact, the argument from single words and phrases is only strong when they are sufficiently marked to indicate direct imitation. Thus the line,

ὀφελίτης δὲ μοι
τοῖς Ὀρφέως τιμῶσα φαίνεται φίλον —

could hardly have been written independently of the well-known line in the *Ajax*: —

οὐ κάποιος ἰγὼ θεοῖς
ὥς οὐδὲν ἀρετὴν εἶμ' ὀφελίτης ἔτι.

Nor is it likely that two lines so nearly similar as

τετράποδος βάσιν θηρὸς τιθίμενος (Hec. 1058),

and

τετράποιν μῆρσος Λόκου κίλευθον (Rhes. 312),

could have been produced by two authors quite unfamiliar with each other's works. But which imitated the other? If some of the more remarkable expressions in various works of three authors are found in a single work of a fourth, not in itself very remarkable, it is certainly more probable that the fourth copied from the other three than *vice versa*. And this inference in the case of the *Rhesus* is confirmed by its general style. It is careful and elaborate, sometimes grandiloquent like Æschylus, sometimes compressed like Sophocles, very rarely exuberant like Euripides. This is, we think, the weakest point in the received view. Euripides had many styles, and altered his metre and diction considerably at different epochs in his life. But there is one peculiarity which never fails him—his exuberance. Whether it be in the lengthiness of his prologues, the interminable arguments of his dialogues, the minuteness of his *ῥήσεις*, or the endless variety of his choruses, he always exhibits the same inexhaustible fertility. And this is precisely the thing most wanting in the *Rhesus*. As M. Hagenbach

well observes, there is in it no trace of youth—no signs of a luxuriant genius as yet impatient of the pruning-knife, no fervour or impetuosity. And if it was not written when Euripides was young, the internal evidence is still stronger against its having been composed at a more mature age. If it is unlike the *Medea*, it is even more unlike the *Ion* or the *Phænissæ*.

To what conclusion, then, must we come as to its authorship? M. Hagenbach inclines to refer it to the age of Philip and Alexander. By that time the stage had lost its vitality, and the loose rhythms which had charmed the auditors of Euripides and his followers had given way to a rhythm more careful and more closely modelled on the older dramatists. This reaction was coincident with a great increase in the number of readers. Plays were written, as in modern times, which were not intended for the stage. To this class belong the somewhat finikin dramas of Chæremôn, and possibly the *Rhesus*. Hence the variety of styles conspicuous in it—the *ἀναγνωστικοί*, as they were called, being almost universally imitators, and possessing little power of original composition. This theory is, we believe, new, and possesses the merit of accounting for most of the phenomena of the play. We recommend it to the consideration of scholars.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

AMONG the numerous works on the Danish question which the present war has called forth, there is a German translation of the Danish account of *General Rye's Retreat in the Year 1849*.* It was originally written by Major Beck, a companion in arms of General Rye, the Danish commander who, in the last war, kept nearly the whole Prussian army in check with a comparatively small force, and after making good his retreat, met with a soldier's death at Fredericia. It is now translated by Captain Seubert, of the Wurtemberg army, with an introduction and notes, as a guide to much that is taking place during the present campaign. He speaks in high terms of the Danish army, and says that it is useless for any but a very large force to attack Denmark. At least a hundred thousand men are required, and an exceedingly powerful siege train, for, without a great number of heavy guns, "the Dannewerke and Dybbøl can be taken only at a very great expenditure of life." In the last war, the Danes were superior in cavalry, and they surpassed the Germans in engineering skill, but their infantry were, and still are, provided with inferior fire-arms, and their commissariat is badly appointed. The translator expects much from the valour of his countrymen, and not a little from their hard cash, for the Danish commissariat officers, he says, pay in paper money only, and the natives will soon learn to appreciate the difference between that and solid German thalers.

The *North American War of Independence*† has found an historian in Major Pfister, an officer in the Hessian army. He considers it a patriotic undertaking to chronicle the deeds of the German troops who were employed by England against the colonists. They have hitherto remained unnoticed, but he now comes forward to write their history, and to rescue from obscurity a deserving portion of his countrymen. Some four-and-twenty thousand of them, he says, were engaged in this service for seven years, and they have left behind them copious materials for his work, in the shape of letters, diaries, and other documents. Besides consulting these, he has had personal communication with many actual participants in the events of the war—a statement which proves that the author must be entitled to the respect which is due to advanced years. How the Germans got to America, he says, or what business they had there, does not concern him; but he finds them there, and he thinks it right to trace their actions during the war. He naturally sides with England against her rebellious subjects, for his countrymen were engaged under her flag; and during the thirty years he has devoted to exploring the records of their services, he has had time to become an enthusiast and a partisan. And indeed, he says, from his earliest boyhood he has looked upon England as the country from which "a star of salvation shone forth upon enslaved Europe."

Ferdinand Lassalle, well-known as a brilliant but somewhat paradoxical writer on scientific, political, and literary subjects, comes forward with a savagely polemical pamphlet on political economy, in which he intends to annihilate his antagonist Herr Bastiat-Schulze von Delitzsch, the *Julian of Economy*‡, and the theories propounded by that writer in his *Arbeiter-Katechismus*. The author tells us that his recent agitations on the platform have involved him in no less than five criminal actions, all of which are pending at the present moment. Yet he cannot refrain from pausing a while in the task of defending himself in order to hold up M. Schulze to public execration. He calls him the representative of the "economical or bourgeois mob," as in 1862 he styled Julian Schmidt, the author of

* *Die Kriegführung der Dänen in Jütland, dargestellt an General Rye's Rückzug im Jahre 1849.* Nach den Vorträgen des königl. dänischen Majors im Generalstab Carl Beck bearbeitet von A. Seubert, königl. württembergischem Hauptmann. Mit einer Spezialkarte. Darmstadt und Leipzig: Zernin. London: Williams & Norgate. 1864.

† *Der Nordamerikanische Unabhängigkeits-Krieg. Als Beitrag zur Heeresgeschichte deutscher Truppen bearbeitet von Ferdinand Pfister, kurhessischem Major a. D.* Band I. Kassel: Krieger. London: Williams and Norgate. 1864.

‡ Herr Bastiat-Schulze von Delitzsch, *der ökonomische Julian, oder, Capital und Arbeit.* Von Ferdinand Lassalle. Berlin: Schillingmann. London: Thimm.

a History of German Literature, the representative of the "literary mob." In the present pamphlet, which is dedicated to the German workmen and the German bourgeoisie, he follows M. Schulze through the four chapters of his work on Labour and Capital, making a series of indiscriminate assaults on all with whom he happens to differ in opinion, more especially on the public press of Germany, and the *Jude Milieu* party, in and out of the Chambers.

The subject of the *Nibelungen Noth** has been learnedly discussed by the late Professor Karl Mosler, of Dusseldorf, and his son, Dr. Nikola Mosler. Their aim is chiefly to restore the text, which has been greatly corrupted, to something like its original purity, and with that view they give a series of extracts, with emendations and criticisms thereon. Lachmann's investigations, says the Professor, have rather obscured than elucidated the subject, and it is only of late years that Holtzmann and Pfeiffer have restored to the favour of the nation the poem which had been buried under an overwhelming mass of learning. Professor Mosler adopts a plan different from that of Lachmann, and, instead of piling cumbrous erudition on the story, he desires "to construct artistic theories on scientific foundations." He considers that the Lassberg Codex has been worked up from an already corrupted text. The original author of the poem, he says, wrote in a lyrico-dramatical manner, not unlike that of Gottfried of Strassburg. Then came the first interpolator, who gave the work its epic continuity by inserting passages of his own composition. He was probably a writer of knightly rank, but after him, according to Dr. Mosler, came another interpolator, who seems to have been "a monk of low degree" with a taste for tailoring, which he shows by dwelling lovingly on details of dress. He copied, and inserted, and reiterated, till he had very considerably enlarged the dimensions of the poem. Next followed a third writer, represented by the Codex of St. Gall, and a fourth whose emendations are embodied in the Lassberg Codex. Dr. Nikola Mosler does not agree with his father in all his conclusions, but he joins with him in heartily condemning the theory that the whole epic is nothing more than a collection of popular songs, written at various periods by different authors.

Dr. Jaffé has published the first volume of a new collection of original documents bearing upon mediæval German history and archaeology.† He has adopted a different plan from that pursued by Dr. Pertz in his *Monumenta Germaniæ Historica*, a work in the editing of which he has himself had a share; for he intends each of the volumes of the present series to be complete in itself, and to be illustrative of the history of some eminent man or of some important spot, or at least to conduce to our knowledge of some special period of time. The present volume contains the Annals of the Benedictine Monastery of Corvey on the Weser. The greater part of the book is taken up by the correspondence of Abbot Wibaldus. Nearly five hundred letters written by or to him during the first half of the twelfth century are given, and a considerable amount of interesting information may be culled from these pages. The editor has bestowed great pains on the work, but it would have been made more generally useful if it had been furnished with a less meagre index.

The history of the Breuni or Breones ‡, the ancient inhabitants of part of the Rhetian Alps, forms the subject of a learned dissertation by Albert Jäger, a member of the Academy of Sciences of Vienna. They figure among the tribes which were subjugated in the year 15 B.C. by Drusus and Tiberius, and they were in all probability an important race, for they are specially noticed by Horace and other Latin writers, and they outlived the other tribes, being found in existence during the sixth century. Their local habitation has been the subject of much dispute, but Dr. Jäger decides that they were the aboriginal Celtic inhabitants of the Middle Alps, and previously to the immigration of the Tuscan Rhetians occupied the mountains subsequently called after that people. In consequence of their subjugation by the Romans, they became Latinized in speech and manners, and completely lost their individuality for a time; but when the Western Empire was restricted to Italy, they emerged from their obscurity, appearing as the defenders of the Northern frontier. After a while they lost all connexion with the South, but still they lingered on for two centuries, an isolated Roman community surrounded by Teutonic peoples.

The seventh volume of Dr. Carl Schnaase's *History of the Fine Arts* § is chiefly devoted to the Italian architecture of the middle ages. Before entering, however, on this subject, the author gives a sketch of the political and social condition of Italy, commencing about the middle of the twelfth century, and then proceeds to analyse the feelings which were stirring in the hearts of the people and to explain the effect they produced on the literature and art of the period. He discusses at some length the spirit and the

form of early Italian poetry, dwelling especially on the tendency of the poets to idealize the objects of their admiration, and on the strange effect produced by the confusion of heathen and Christian personages and metaphors. In all matters of business, he says, and in political and social life, the Italians were more practical than the Northern nations, but in language and poetry they were far more romantic and idealistic. And their taste in architecture was less chaste and severe. They loved all that was brilliant, gay, and full of life, and delighted in broad, airy, and spacious buildings. The details of their ornamentation were exquisitely finished, but in many of their grandest edifices there was a lack of unity between the whole and its parts, the building being often looked upon as a mere case for a precious treasury of pictures and decorations. Dr. Schnaase proceeds with a critical examination of the principal buildings in the chief Italian cities, especially in Venice, where he finds the greatest originality of form and the brightest local colouring; and, after some remarks on miniatures and mosaics, he concludes with a sketch of the first attempts of the earliest Italian painters.

Dr. Bellermann's collection of *Portuguese Ballads** forms a pleasant little volume. He has selected about forty specimens of Lusitanian popular poetry, accompanying the original text with a metrical German version and a few explanatory notes. The majority of the poems have been taken from the *Cancioneiro* of J. B. de Almeida Garrett; the others were gleaned by the editor during a tour which he made in Portugal during the years 1818-1825. He dwells with pleasure on the acquaintance which he then made with the people, as he wandered among their fields and villages, listening to the romances of old days sung in wayside inns, in the fisherman's boat, and in the peasant's hut, or to the songs with which the country people on their way to market beguiled their journey. For Portugal, he says, is in truth a land of song. The mother lulling her babe to rest, the maiden sitting at her spinning-wheel, the vinedresser on the hill-side, the waggoner plodding along the dusty road, the holiday reveller at a village festival—all draw on a rich store of legendary rhyme, and find in it an appropriate poetic expression of their feelings. The older ballads are generally of war and knightly deeds—of Charlemagne and his Paladins, and of the great noble houses. Those of comparatively recent date are less bold and chivalrous, and constantly express in the form of prophecies the longing of the people for brighter days during a time of depression and decay.

Dr. Anton von Ruthner, the President of the Austrian Alpine Club, has published a work which will be interesting to lovers of mountain scenery.† He complains that the Austrian Alps are scarcely known in comparison with their Swiss rivals, and that, in spite of their numerous charms, many of their most attractive passes are still unexplored, and many of their noblest peaks remain untrodden by the tourist's foot. In the hope of attracting the attention of the climbing world to their claims, he has made a number of journeys among them, and has collected the results of his observations in the present volume. He has ascended, he says, at least a hundred of the highest peaks and passes of the Austrian Alps, from the Viennese Schneeberg to the Swiss frontier, and from the mountains bordering on Bavaria to those which look down upon Lombardy and Venetia, but at present he confines himself to four of the chief mountain-groups. The greater part of the book is devoted to the Gross-Glockner, which the author ascended in 1852, and to the country in its neighbourhood, of which he gives a useful map. The Ankogel and the Hochalpenspitze are next described, and the Gross-Venediger group occupies the remaining chapters. The work is illustrated with coloured drawings by Professor Ender, Ignaz Dorn, and Anton Hansch, some of which are excellent, especially the view of Heiligenblut with the Gross-Glockner in the background, and that of the Wiesbachhorn.

Dr. Levy's *Phœnician Vocabulary*‡, a sequel to his well-known *Phœnizische Studien*, is a useful contribution to the study of an obscure but important branch of linguistic science. He considers that the time has arrived for a recasting of the work commenced by Gesenius thirty years ago, since which period the advance made in Semitic studies, and the numerous discoveries of Phœnician remains, have greatly increased our acquaintance with the subject. The present vocabulary contains some nine hundred words, about the interpretation of which the greater part of investigators agree, while its predecessor could boast of little more than a third of that number, and the greater part of its explanations are now considered untrustworthy or doubtful. Small as Dr. Levy's work is, it is complete, comprising the linguistic materials furnished by the oldest as well as the most recently discovered Phœnician inscriptions, with the exception of a few on the existing copies of which no reliance can be placed. The author has also included certain Aramaic words taken from inscriptions found in Egypt, and from legends on Assyrian tablets and weights, on account of their intimate connexion with that branch of Semitic philology to which his book is devoted.

Dr. Pietraszewski claims the merit of having discovered the secret of deciphering the Zend language, to which, he says, no previous investigator has found the key. It is to the Slavonic lan-

* *Der Nibelunge Noth. Heldendichtung des zwölften Jahrhunderts.* Studien und ausgewählte Stücke zur Herstellung des ursprünglichen Werkes, von Karl Mosler, früher Professor der Kunstgeschichte an der K. Akademie der Künste zu Düsseldorf, und Nikola Mosler, Doktor der Philosophie. Leipzig: Engelmann. London: Williams & Norgate. 1864.

† *Bibliotheca Rerum Germanicarum.* Tomus I. Monumenta Corbeiensia. Edidit Philippus Jaffé. Berolini: Weidmann. London: Williams & Norgate. 1864.

‡ *Über das rätische Alpenvolk der Breuni oder Breones.* Von Albert Jäger, wirklichem Mitgliede der Kais. Akademie der Wissenschaften. Wien: Gerold. London: Williams & Norgate. 1864.

§ *Geschichte der bildenden Künste.* Von Dr. Carl Schnaase. Siebenter Band. Erste Abtheilung. Düsseldorf: Buddrus. London: Williams & Norgate. 1864.

* *Portugiesische Volkslieder und Romanzen.* Portugiesisch und Deutsch, mit Anmerkungen, herausgegeben von Dr. C. F. Bellermann. Nachgelassenes Manuscript des Herausgebers. Leipzig: Engelmann. London: Nutt. 1864.

† *Berg- und Gletscher-Reisen in den österreichischen Hochalpen.* Von Dr. Anton von Ruthner. Wien: Gerold. London: Williams & Norgate. 1864.

‡ *Phœnizisches Wörterbuch.* Von Dr. M. A. Levy. Breslau: Schletter. London: Williams & Norgate. 1864.

guages, according to him, that we must look for assistance in reading the primitive Persian literature, for he is ingenious enough to find a close relationship between them and the Zend, and he intends to make this truth manifest to the world in a dictionary on which he is now engaged. His present work* contains an instalment of a German translation of the Zend Avesta, or, as he writes it, *Zen-Davasta*, of which he has already published a French and a Polish version, and he trusts that it will be found useful alike to the theologian and to the philologist. Whatever may be its other merits, it has at least that of originality.

Dr. Gustav Kühne has published so many collections of "German Men and Women," "Portraits and Silhouettes," and "Male and Female Characters," that he considers his new assemblage of *German Characters*† sufficient for the completion of "a gallery of statues and busts illustrative of the literature and culture-history of Germany during the past and the present century." The first volume of his present book contains notices of four of the representative men of the "Age of Enlightenment"—Frederick the Great, Lessing, Moses Mendelssohn, and Kant. Dr. Kühne is merely an essayist, not a writer of history or biography, and his articles are of the true magazine stamp, having probably seen the light for the first time in the periodicals of the day.

A volume of poems *From a Diary*‡, by the Countess Auguste von Egloffstein, forms an affecting record of a life of continued suffering. From her early youth till her death in 1862, at the age of sixty-six, the authoress remained an invalid, seldom free from acute pain, and cheered by little hope of recovery. Her consolation lay in religion alone, and her thoughts, turning from earth to heaven, found expression in poems which breathe the spirit of resignation and of faith—the tender and touching utterances of a loving and trusting heart, tried and purified by suffering and sorrow.

A new metrical translation of the Psalms has been published by Adolf Brecher.§ His preface informs us that he, in common with many unsuccessful predecessors, has attempted to combine an accurate representation of the meaning of the original poems with as much attractiveness of form and style as he was able to command, and the result is a performance which is worthy of respect, for it evinces, if not inspiration, at least industry and learning. Moreover, the author speaks with modesty of his work—a merit in which the author of *Quinten*|| does not appear to share. These form a collection of what the writer supposes to be epigrams, divided into four sections, devoted respectively to Faith, Life, Love, and Art. The profundity of observation and originality of thought shown in such startling sayings as "misery teaches us endurance, but resignation is the fruit of wisdom," will remind the reader at once of the great English master of proverbial philosophy. Germany ought to be proud of a poet who has so successfully imitated his model's thoughtfulness and polished grace that he is himself an illustration of his axiom—

Britten sind Denker, Franzosen sind höflich:
Beides vereinet der Deutsche so schön.

* *Deutsche verbesserte Uebersetzung der Bücher des Zoroaster*. Erster Theil. *Zen-davasta* (das "Leben-gebende") zur Erleichterung der ersten Auflage. Von Prof. Ignatius Pietraszewski. Berlin: Haude & Spener. London: Williams & Norgate. 1864.

† *Deutsche Charaktere*. Von Gustav Kühne. Zum ersten Male gesammelt. Theil I. Leipzig: Denicke. London: Williams & Norgate. 1864.

‡ *Aus einem Tagebuche*. Gedichte der Gräfin Auguste von und zu Egloffstein. Weimar: Böhlau. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Die Psalmen metrisch übersetzt*. Von Adolf Brecher. Wien: Braumüller. London: Williams & Norgate.

|| *Quinten, Kleine Gedichte*. Von J. S. Tauber. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

NOTICE.

The publication of the "SATURDAY REVIEW" takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-Agent, on the day of publication.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MUSICAL UNION, Tuesday, April 19, at Half-past Three.—Quintet, G minor, Mozart; Sonata, E flat, Op. 31, Beethoven; Romance, Violin Solo, Sivoiri (first appearance since 1860); Quartet in G, Haydn; Andante and Finale from Weber's Sonata in D minor (repeated by desire). Artists—Sivori, Rice, Webb, Hann, and Payne. Pianist—Hallé. Visitors' Tickets, Half-a-Guinea each, to be had of Cramer & Wood; Chappell & Co.; Olliver; Ashdown & Parry; and Austin, at St. James' Hall.

J. ELLA, Director, at Hanover Square.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON FESTIVAL—The TICKET OFFICE is now open, and members of the Committee attend daily to select Places for those who send Remittances by post. Cheques and Post Office Orders should be made payable to Mr. John Dickie, Ticket Office New Place, Stratford-on-Avon.

ROYAL LITERARY FUND.—The SEVENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY DINNER of the CORPORATION will take place in St. James' Hall, Wednesday, May 11. His Royal Highness the PRINCE of WALES in the Chair. The List of Stewards will be shortly closed and published.

4 Adelphi Terrace, W.C.

OCTAVIAN BLEWITT, Secretary.

ART-UNION of LONDON.—The ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING, to receive the Council's Report, and to distribute the Amount subscribed for the Purchase of Works of Art, will be held at the New Theatre Royal, Adelphi, on Tuesday, April 26, at Half-past Eleven for Twelve o'clock, by the kind permission of Benjamin Webster, Esq. The Receipt for the current year will procure admission for Members and Friends.

444 West Strand.

GEORGE GODWIN, Hon. Sec.
LEWIS FOCOCK.

TRIAL of BISHOP COLENSO.—Legal Proceedings having been instituted by certain of the Clergy at the Cape of Good Hope against Bishop Colenso, for having published doctrines contrary to the teaching of the Church of England, a FUND has been opened to meet the Expenses of the Prosecution of the Trial. Contributions may be paid at the Bank of England, Western Branch, Burlington Gardens, to the account of the Rev. the Hon. Henry Douglas, Secretary and Treasurer; or to him, at Hanbury Rectory, Bromsgrove.

HENRY DOUGLAS, Hon. Sec.

GUYS HOSPITAL.—The SUMMER SESSION commences on Monday, May the 2nd.

MEDICAL OFFICERS.

Physicians—G. H. Barlow, M.D.; G. Owen Rees, M.D., F.R.S.; W. W. Gull, M.D. Assistant-Physicians—S. O. Habershon, M.D.; S. Wilks, M.D.; F. W. Pavy, M.D., F.R.S. Surgeons—Edward Cock, Esq.; John Hilton, Esq., F.R.S.; John Birkett, Esq.; Alfred Poland, Esq.

Assistant-Surgeons—Cooper Forster, Esq.; Thomas Bryant, Esq.; Arthur Durham, Esq. Obstetric Physician—Henry Oldham, M.D.

Assistant Obstetric Physician—Braxton Hicks, M.D., F.R.S.

Surgeon-Dentist—J. Salter, Esq., F.R.S.

Surgeon of the Eye Infirmary—Alfred Poland, Esq.

Assistant Surgeon of the Eye Infirmary—Charles Bader, Esq.

Aural Surgeon—J. Hinton, Esq.

LECTURES, ETC.

Demonstrations on Cutaneous Diseases—S. O. Habershon, M.D.

Medical Jurisprudence—A. S. Taylor, M.D., F.R.S.

Internal Medicine—S. O. Habershon, M.D.

Midwifery—Henry Oldham, M.D., and J. Braxton Hicks, M.D., F.R.S.

Ophthalmic Surgery—Alfred Poland, Esq., and C. Bader, Esq.

Pathology—S. Wilks, M.D.

Comparative Anatomy—F. W. Pavy, M.D., F.R.S., and W. Moxon, M.B.

Use of the Microscope—A. Durham, Esq.

Botomy—C. Johnson, Esq.

Practical Chemistry—Thomas Stevenson, M.B.

Demonstrations on Manipulative and Operative Surgery—T. Bryant, Esq.

Clinical Medicine—Dr. Habershon, Dr. Wilks, and Dr. Pavy.

Clinical Surgery—Mr. Cooper Forster, Mr. Bryant, and Mr. Durham.

Clinical Obstetrics—Dr. Oldham and Dr. Braxton Hicks.

Vaccination—Dr. Braxton Hicks.

Gentlemen desirous of becoming Students must give satisfactory testimony as to their education and conduct. They are required to pay £40 for the first year, £40 for the second year, and £10 for every succeeding year of attendance, or £100 in one payment entitles a Student to a Perpetual Ticket.

Dressers, Clinical Clerks, Ward Clerks, Obstetric Residents, and Dressers in the Eye Wards, are selected from the Students. Three House-Surgeons are appointed every six months.

Six Scholarships, varying in value from £25 to £40 each, are awarded at the close of each Summer Session for general proficiency; also a Governor's Prize of £10.

Two Gold Medals will be given by the Treasurer—One for Medicine and one for Surgery.

The three first Candidates will receive respectively £25, £20, and £15.

Mr. Stocker, Apothecary to Guy's Hospital, will enter Students, and give any further information required.

Guy's Hospital, April 9, 1864.

WOOLWICH, SANDHURST, the LINE, the CIVIL SERVICE, the UNIVERSITIES, &c.—EIGHT PUPILS are prepared for the above by the Rev. G. R. ROBERTS, M.A., late Fellow of Corpus Christi Coll. Cam., and late Professor and Examiner in the B. I. M. College, Adiscombe.—Address, The Limes, Croydon, S.

WOOLWICH, SANDHURST, the LINE, and the INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE.

MR. WREN, M.A. Christ's College, assisted by Mr. EWBANK, B.A. S. John's College, Cambridge (Thirteenth Wrangler), and other experienced Masters, prepares PUPILS for the above. References to Parents of Pupils who have passed—4 Angel Terrace, Brighton.

THE INDIAN and HOME CIVIL SERVICES, Woolwich, Sandhurst, and the Line.—CLASSES for Pupils preparing for the above; Terms moderate.—Address, MATHEMATICS, 14 Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, W.

WOOLWICH, SANDHURST, and the LINE.—A Married Clergyman, M.A., Wrangler of Trinity College, Cambridge, takes PUPILS. Successful at Five Consecutive Woolwich Examinations.—Address M.A., Dorsey, near Windsor.

GRAMMAR SCHOOL, SUTTON VALENTINE, KENT.

Founded A.D. 1276.—This School having been recently rebuilt, the Court of Assistants of the Clothworkers' Company are about to appoint a HEAD MASTER, though he will not be required to enter on the duties of his Office before September next. He must be a Member of the Church of England, a Graduate of one of the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, or London, duly qualified to discharge the duties of the Office, and his age must not exceed Forty Years. The Stipend is £200 per Annum, with a good Residence (free of Rent, Taxes, and Repairs) capable of accommodating upwards of Forty Boarders; and he will have the appointment of Second Master, whose salary will be paid by the Company, and the privilege of taking Day Boys. Exhibitions to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and private Scholarships, are attached to the School. Sutton Valence is beautifully situated, in a healthy part of Kent, midway between the County Town of Maidstone and Staplehurst, where there are first-class Railway Stations, and it is distant 3½ miles from the Railway Station of Headcorn.

Applications for the appointment must be made in writing by the 15th of May, accompanied with Testimonials. Candidates are particularly requested not to apply personally to the Members of the Court of Assistants.

Further particulars of the Duties and Emoluments may be obtained of

ROBERT BECKWITH TOWSE, Clerk.
Clothworkers' Hall, 41 Minding Lane, London, E.C. April 1864.

SOLE CHARGE.—WANTED immediately, a CURATE for the above, in a beautiful part of Gloucestershire. Population, 300. Graduate of Oxford or Cambridge, with moderate views, indispensable.—Address, Hacroa, Post Office, Andoversford, Cheltenham.

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.—A Gentleman, having a Presentation to the above for March 1865, is desirous of EXCHANGING it for one of the present year.—Address, X. H., Mr. Falconer's, Stationer, 121 Crawford Street, Baker Street, W.

ELIGIBLE PARTNERSHIP.—One or more Gentlemen to join, with Limited Liability, established and fully-developed SLATE QUARRIES in profitable operation, to extend Business. Divided after first year, 50 per cent. per annum. Principals or Solicitors treated with only, and no Promoters need apply.—Letters to M. S. S., Post Office, Lydney, Gloucestershire.

BOARD and RESIDENCE, very superior. Terms moderate. Also a large Bed and Dressing Room vacant, suitable for a Married Couple.—6 Queen's Square, Bloomsbury.

MONSIEUR ADOLPHE DIDIER, Professor of Medical Mesmerism and Galvanism, has the honour of acquainting his Friends, the Nobility, and the Public, that he at ATTENDS PATIENTS, either at their residences in the Morning, or Daily, from Two till Five, at 15 Russell Place, Fitzroy Square.

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